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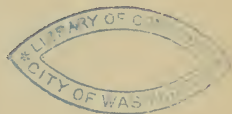
1818—1832.

EDITED, FROM CORRESPONDENCE,

BY THE

✓
REV. FRANCIS TRENCH, M.A.

RECTOR OF ISLIP, OXFORD.



OXFORD:

PRINTED BY JAMES WRIGHT, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY,

AND PUBLISHED BY

JOHN HENRY AND JAMES PARKER,

OXFORD, AND 377, STRAND, LONDON.

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P R E F A C E.

A FEW words will sufficiently explain the origin and publication of the present volume.

On the death of his Father, at a very advanced age, the Editor unexpectedly found that the whole series of his letters to his parents and some of theirs to him, with other correspondence, had been carefully preserved from their earliest date.

It appeared to him, on looking over this very large collection, that a few Letters and Extracts might be selected, touching upon subjects of adequate interest for private circulation among his family and personal friends.

With this intention the Editor had a certain portion printed at Oxford, running through a period of no less than fourteen years in the present very moderately sized volume.

He was subsequently led to believe that the subjects referred to might, from their variety, afford interest to a larger circle, and he ventures to hope

that mere personal matters will not be found to occupy more space than is desirable, or unsuitable to *public* circulation, but only prove a needful link for the whole. The Index, on this point, must speak for itself.

All intelligent readers will at once feel and admit the *difficulty* of due selection and arrangement in any such publication. Accordingly, while the Editor is not without some anxiety on this subject, he has no doubt that this very remembrance will, at least, ensure for these pages a favourable consideration.

ISLIP RECTORY, OXFORD,
Feb. 1862.

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LETTERS, EXTRACTS, ETC.

THE Series of Letters from which the following extracts are taken, begins with the first letter which the editor wrote from school, in the year 1816, and the answer from his mother is still in existence, kindly and playfully correcting his orthography of *school*, which he had written "schule." He was then at Twyford, near Winchester, under the tuition of that able and accomplished instructor, the Rev. James Gover Bedford, to whom all his pupils are so deeply indebted. As may be supposed, the letters for some time between mother and son were so entirely juvenile on the one hand, and, on the other, so exclusively written, as the answers of a parent to a very young boy, that the editor advances to the time when he was at Harrow, and the following extract is taken from a letter addressed to him there. Its whole tone and spirit so well illustrate the mode in which

the writer was accustomed to convey encouragement to mental exertion in the most attractive and original form, that with it, it is hoped, these pages may well begin.

1.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

April 28, 1818.

I HAVE had some conversation on the subject of the numerous holydays* at Harrow with two or three sensible men, and I will give you the result of their opinion, as nearly as I can, in their own words:—"The great number of holydays do not encourage idleness. A clever and well-disposed boy makes use of them to learn his tasks to perfection, not merely so as to escape punishment, but to deserve praise. He writes also his verses, so as to give them the air, not of a task, but of a well-finished composition. He makes himself acquainted with everything *relative* to his studies. He looks into a mythological or biographical dictionary for the lives of all who are mentioned in his task. He keeps in a little blank book a sort of register of his studies, by which he judges of his own progress. In this book he

* In some of the editor's letters about this time appear notices of the many holydays at Harrow, so far more numerous than those of a private school.

copies his verses. He writes to his friends letters in good correct English, giving his opinion on books and general transactions. In short, these holydays give the idle and dull time to learn their lessons so passably, as, for the most part, to escape any severity of punishment, while they furnish the clever boys with leisure to become intimately acquainted with all they learn, and to follow the bent of their own inclinations in the line of study they adopt."

Adieu, dearest ! I have no time to say more.

2.—*From the same to the same.*

Bursledon Lodge, 9 July, 1818.

YOUR letter of Sunday the 5th gave great pleasure to your affectionate mother, whose highest delight is in the attachment of her sons, and who is obliged by the solicitude you express, not merely for her *safety*, but that she may not have been even frightened. I was not in the carriage on the day it was so shamefully attacked by a mob, who really did not know what they wanted, nor *why* they were angry, except that your uncle was known to be supported by Government in his desire to represent the town of Southampton. On his leaving the hustings, he

was surrounded by a very angry crowd, who pressed on him, and seemed inclined to throw him down, but he was shielded by the physical force of his friends, among whom, you may suppose, your father was the most active. He then got into Mr. D.'s carriage, and your papa on the *box*,—for which, by the bye, you and I must be a little angry with him, as it was the most exposed and most dangerous place. The mob still pursued the carriage, and threw stones and brick-bats and mud. No one was seriously hurt, but the servants were covered with dirt, and the carriage injured.

The most extraordinary part is, that it is *believed* sir W. is a stronger advocate for the measures of the present ministers than lord Ashtown. Your uncle declared on the hustings he would vote against the income tax, in time of peace—and even in time of war, unless made less injurious to the trading part of the empire, and that he would vote *against* the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, except in times of civil dissension, and *for* the inquiry into the abuses of private charity, proposed by Mr. Brougham. Keep my letters, dearest F., they will be to me, on some future day, memoranda of what is now going on.

The enthusiastic affection felt in this town for Chamberlayne exceeds any thing I have yet seen excited by a private man. He is a professed Foxite—a person of superior endowments—of high mental cultivation—of a good taste in literature and the arts, and an admirable public speaker.

3.—*From the same to the same.*

Bursledon Lodge, 9 Feb. 1819.

THE visible improvement in your handwriting and style gives me great pleasure. It is certainly a considerable addition to one's own happiness, and that of one's friends, to write letters with ease and perspicuity. To those who are well taught, and have the habit of reading the best authors, elegance will naturally follow, without being peculiarly sought. Many persons make their letters uninteresting to their friends by misapplying the rule which desires us to avoid "egotism."

"Egotism is as proper and satisfactory to one's parents and one's dearest friends as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers. I desire," says a fond father to his son, in a letter I have before me, "to see you in your every-day clothes, by your fireside, in

your pleasures, in short, in your private life :” and this is what every affectionate person must feel.

*Drawing a caricature of one’s schoolmaster, who stands for the time in the place of a parent, was wrong, as disrespectful ; leaving it where he must see it, was still more wrong ; more or less, every one is at least *supposed* to feel uneasy at being caricatured. To prevent the person sent to wash it off, from so doing, was worse than all, as it was deliberate, premeditated rebellion. The worst of all is, that it is very seldom that the boy who commits an open offence of this kind is most guilty. I have heard from men who had been at the great schools, that there is usually some sly, ill-natured, shabby dunce, who instigates and persuades another boy to commit follies of this kind, either from a stupid love of mischief, or from envy at his superior quickness in learning, or favour with his masters.

Boys who are not clever enough to excel in their studies, and who have not sufficient fancy to amuse themselves, are fond of bringing others into scrapes, and call it sport. “ Am

* This refers to a notice in a letter of the editor, in which he had spoken of a caricature of the head-master being drawn on the school-walls, and of the consequences which ensued. There is no need to transcribe it.

not I in sport," says the madman, who "casteth firebrands, arrows and death?"—such is the description in the Bible of this silly and dangerous character. I am quite sure Mrs. Leith* took "all possible care of you," and I feel much obliged to her, and beg you will say that if I do not write to thank her, and also to acknowledge her last kind letter, it is merely to avoid giving her unnecessary trouble, having already caused her so much.—Do not forget this message.

4.—*From the same to the same.*

Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly, 18 Feb. 1819.

You will be pleased to know that we arrived in town to-day. I received your letter just as I was stepping into the carriage—and it was a little cordial to me, helping me to bear what I so much dislike—a removal from a place with which I am fully satisfied. I never left Bursledon with so much regret. I wished much to have collected my dear boys, and seen them all happy there at Easter, and besides, I had many pursuits that interested me very much—*gardening*—*printing*—plans of *charity* &c. &c. &c. However, your papa

* The editor and his brother, now dean of Westminster, boarded at her house.

was anxious that we should not delay furnishing our new house, and you know I am always happy to give up my own inclinations to those whom I love. The weather was enchanting—crocuses in full and splendid blow, and I used to sit out in my chair, seeing my roses transplanted, and my violets divided. I have not been so well for many months.

There is a little urchin under my window, whose regular and practised tone of begging forbids my sending him anything, as I should only ensure his coming, with others like him, for the whole time of my visit here—yet it makes me uneasy, and I believe I must either send him something quite against my sense of right, or leave off writing. He is a very bad exchange for my robin redbreasts.

We saw R. and P.—both busy and prosperous. P. is to begin Greek and verses immediately.

When I have nothing particular to say, I shall fill up my letter with anecdotes or quotations.

A Swedish gentleman seeing another covered with stars and orders, cried out, “Bless me, I took him for a kaleidoscope.”

Mr. —— at his ball had his coat of arms drawn in chalk, on the floor of the ballroom, to prevent the dancers from slipping. A gen-

tleman there said : “Mr. —— dances on his arms as well as his legs.”

“Le véritable éloquence consiste à dire tout ce qu’il faut, et à ne dire que ce qu’il faut.”—*Rocheaucault*.

“There is no secret in fewer hands than that of knowing when to have done.”—*Swift*.

Adieu, dearest F., according to the admonition of my last quotation.

5.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, Sept. 1819.

You desired me to tell you about our games and lessons. There is not much going on now, as we have just left off cricket, but football will soon come in. I send you a few verses, as I did not bring them home with me last time. They are about the river Danube and the countries through which it flows, but as they were done two or three months ago, I hope soon to be able to send you some better. I have just heard that one of the Irish bishops, who is a cousin of ours, is made archbishop of Tuam. He was at Harrow when a boy, and that is the reason why I mention it. Pray send me the book of your poems which you promised me as soon as possible.

6.—*From his mother to F. T.*

Sept. 16. 1819.

YOU forgot to enclose the promised verses in your letter. Avoid these little marks of absence of mind: how would Lord Castlereagh look, if you were a diplomatist, and that you said—"I have the honour of enclosing for his majesty's perusal an interesting document relative to Swedish affairs"—and lo! no such document there! You would be civilly advised to withdraw from the mission. Now your verses are just as precious to me. I congratulate your father, you, and myself, on the frequent marks of approbation they have received. To write good verses is a most graceful accomplishment, even in those whose business in life is of a different nature. At present it is your business, and your complete success gives us at home much pleasure.

I cannot write any thing on the opening of the Speech room, having exhausted my thoughts on the subject in my lines on laying the foundation stone. I shall be obliged to you for translating something of mine into Latin verse—Campaspe perhaps, as that is a classical subject—or the lines on the princess Charlotte—in short, I care not what.

Papa is gone to attend the funeral of Mr.

Grattan, that great and good man—an orator, a statesman, a patriot, the zealous defender of civil and religious liberty, the lover of order and of union,—the brilliant, impressive and condensed orator, the kindest and pleasantest husband, father, friend, and companion.

We send you a pretty set of Hume's England as a present.

7.—*From the same to the same.*

Sept. 17, 1819.

YOUR kindness in saying every thing that would make me at ease about your journey has not been lost on me ; and I am extremely pleased with your having employed part of your morning on the Friday you were in town in writing those pretty verses on the setter. You need not apologize for "grassy beds." The line is very pretty, and you could not have a better rhyme to "treads." You know spelling is never attended to in the rhymes of English verse. The only line I do not like is—

He turns his head *towards* his master's way.

To-wards is not admissible in poetry as a two-syllable word, though *towards* is permitted.

R. is not less anxious to learn than usual, and goes to a classical master every day to

make verses. He makes twelve or fourteen verses, and does ten or twelve lines of *Analecta* in two hours. When I am better I shall *French* him. You have possibly heard that when a farmer's wife was asked what she had done with her daughter, she answered—I have *Frenched* her and *music'd* her, and sent her to Paris to *finish* her.

8.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, June, 1820.

I HAVE had two sets of verses read over this quarter, and have a good chance of another, when I shall receive a prize-book. Thank you for the Hume's History of England, which is just the kind of book I like.

The new Speech-room is nearly finished, and looks very well. I hope you will come when it is opened; when, besides the usual speeches, the prize-poems will be recited by the boys who have written them. There will be one in English, another in Latin, and another in Greek, about the new Speech-room, and the school in general. Do come if you can.

9.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, July 17, 1820.

I AM very sorry that you could not come to the speeches, though you would not have

heard any English verses. What do you think ? There was not a boy who could produce a poem in English sufficiently good to be recited at the opening, and therefore the prize intended for the English poem was given to the second best Latin composition. There was an eulogy in the 'Morning Herald' on the Greek Sapphics, which I believe they well deserved. The paper said that they would have been successful at any college competition. The opening of the speech-room went on very successfully, and the building is even more admired than was expected. We are very busy at cricket now, and the eleven play the Uxbridge club to-morrow. I have improved a little in the game, and am very fond of it indeed. A week has been added to our holidays, which is a good thing, as we are never in a hurry to leave the ponies, garden, &c. &c.

10.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

Bursledon Lodge, Sept., 1820.

I WRITE with a most *execrable* pen. Excuse so strong a word, and try to learn what you can in your youth. Had I learned pen-making, I should have avoided many petty inconveniences, and impatience and murmur-

ing against the order of things. Had I learned drawing, I should not only have increased my stock of pleasurable employments, but had it in my power to preserve a more lively recollection of the natural beauties which fall in my way.

Yesterday I saw Lord Palmerston's Broadlands, a place of great beauty, and of a peculiar freshness which is indescribably pleasing. It is *endowed* with a rapid river running through the grounds, which adds more charm to a place than perhaps any other feature.

11.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

HarroU, November, 1820.

I SHOULD be much obliged if you would tell me what you think about the decision on the Queen's trial. The boys are mostly for her, and shew what they think about it by wearing white cockades, illuminating their studies, &c. Dr. Butler does not approve of this at all, and spoke to the whole school about it half an hour ago, saying that there should be no such thing as a display of party spirit in a school, and that it would produce enmities among the boys. He may be right in the former saying, but I am sure the boys would not quarrel among themselves, or like

one another the less, whatever side they took. He was quite mistaken there, at all events.

12.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

Nov., 1821.

I am not quite well, but support C—'s intended absence and the fears I entertain about his winter residence in Stockholm with more fortitude than is usual to me—I *hope* from an increase of piety—I am sure not from a diminution of *love*.

But when I have seen the ripe fruit suddenly shaken down in my dear Miss Agar*, and that less mature in the spirited and gentle Armstrong†, and the flower blasted in the youthful C—, who adorned a deathbed of poverty and privation by the sweetest and most endearing Christian graces and kindly affections, I am forcibly drawn to the consideration of a world purer, better, and more permanent than this.

Adieu, dearest F.; remember, that to ensure a place there, ought, in common sense and just calculation—were there no other inducements and motives—to be the chief end of all your aims here. So far fortunate is your situation, that at present both aims—that of

* Sister of Lord Clifden, and one of her oldest friends.

† A young soldier, nephew, in whom she took much interest.

happiness here and hereafter—seem inseparably combined. I long to see your last Latin verses, and R—'s. Pray keep them carefully for me.

13.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, January 19, 1821.

I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Cunningham's wife died about a week ago, and has left a large family : I believe she was very charitable, and she is a great loss to all the poor people about here. Mr. Cunningham, with whom, I believe, papa dined sometime ago at uncle A—'s, does a great deal of good, not merely in his own parish, but everywhere that he can.

I can now get into the library here whenever I please, and am able to stay there as long as I wish, with Thornton, whom I like very much*. He has a key. I have been there a good while to-day, reading Clarke's Travels in Europe, &c., and copying some prints of Roman ruins. I have also finished reading and taking some notes of Kennett's Roman Antiquities, and have begun Potter's Grecian Antiquities in the same manner.

I have got a drawing which I did last

* Now the Rev. W. T. of Brockhall, Northamptonshire. The friendship is still the same, 1861.

quarter, of the old school, and I shall send it to you by the first opportunity. The new shell-room is finished, and we inhabited it yesterday for the first time. It is much lighter, pleasanter, and more convenient than the former one, which was just like an old hayloft, and very uncomfortable. Harry can walk about and *spout* in the present one to his full satisfaction.

13.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, Feb. 1821.

I HAVE the pleasure to tell you that I have had some verses read over, and have got a nice little Horace* for a prize. They were upon Æneas, after having left the cave of the Sibyl of Cuma, finding the dead body of his friend, Misenus, who had been the trumpeter and companion of Hector, lying on the shore, desolate. The words which, as you see, are altered by Harry are not mistakes, but he touches up our verses and improves them before they are read over by Butler.

One unpleasant thing comes from the building of this new school. The racket ground is completely spoilt, and there is now only one place for playing, which is always

* The next letter refers to this book.

occupied by the boys of the first class. They have a right to turn all below them out of it, so that I get very little playing, although I prefer it to any game but cricket.

14.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

26 Feb. 1821.

I AM extremely pleased that your capacity for writing verses developes itself as it does, and meets such constant encouragement. *Horace* is an author from whom you will derive more amusement every day, as, to understand his satire, it is necessary to know the vices and the follies of society, in a way which manhood alone can attain. His satire is exquisitely keen, and his diction often delightful, in its pithy elegance. His coarse jests on poverty and old women are the faults of his time. Religion had not then ennobled age, poverty, and woman. I do not suppose you can *now* find any entertainment, except perhaps in the occasional beauty and precision of his language. You will hereafter be amused, not only by his wit and judgment, and the insight he gives into the manners of his time, but in tracing the modes in which he has been imitated—*closely*, by *Boileau* and *Pope* and *Swift*—more remotely,

by *Young*, and many others. There is a beautiful imitation of the ode in one of the books, on the dissatisfaction which every man feels with his own profession, as well as I remember, by the well known Warren Hastings, so long the subject of a trial in Westminster Hall*.

Thank you for sending me your Latin verses. I have translated a few lines, but was prevented from going on by a removal to Mrs. D—'s, who is all friendliness to me and mine.

I send you two short extracts from one of C—'s letters:

“The drawings of my three brothers have delighted me, and they are all snug in my portfolio. I intend to paste them in a book.”

“They sometimes drank punch and played whist in my time at Harrow, but, in my opinion, shewed no great insight into either taste, for I thought their punch as bad as their whist—‘et c’est tout dire pour tous deux.’ I should tell you, however, that I am not a fair judge, as I was early voted out of their whist party for going to sleep, an invariable consequence of my sitting down to cards.”

* On reflection, I think it was a different ode Hastings imitated.—*Note on the letter, by its writer.*

His never having been able to keep himself awake at cards gave him great advantages over such of his contemporaries as did—in saving *time, money, temper*—and avoiding all those petty disputes which sometimes the best humoured can scarcely escape, unless their companions are as good humoured as themselves.

Adieu, dearest F—. Thank R— for his kind letter. I shall soon reply. You delight me by your frequent communications.

15.—*From the same to the same.*

Berkeley Street, 1821.

You will be pleased to hear that we arrived in town on Saturday evening, and are therefore so much nearer to you. I have had another letter from C—, who is becoming very anxious to return home and see a little of us all. Of course, I am pleased that he should share in our desire of meeting, but I am also a little alarmed lest his anxiety to return should interfere with his advancement. So you see my difficulties.

I have been this morning at the ancient music, and am so much fatigued that I scarcely know what I write. Music, when it is fine, and when I listen to it without

any friend or acquaintance near me, with whom I talk occasionally—in short, when I give up to it my whole attention—is to me, although agreeable at the time, extremely fatiguing. I cannot therefore write so much as I should like to-day. Your last dear letter arrived just as I was leaving the door at Elm Lodge, and was a great pleasure to me on the road. I am delighted your verses are so much approved, and much obliged by your recommendation of an interesting author. We are now reading Belzoni's account of his visit to the Pyramids, catacombs, and temples of Egypt; and of his success in bringing away the head of a colossal statue of Memnon, and many other antiquities. He seems to be one of the most intrepid of men. Mrs. Belzoni also is as courageous as any of her own sex, and quite as much mistress of her pistols as of that feminine weapon which she can use at least as well as any other woman, being a tolerably good scold, even by her own account. Altogether the book is very entertaining. One sees the cloud of years roll away, when one is introduced to the very spot where Jacob and Joseph, Moses and Aaron, suffered and enjoyed and influenced the destinies of thousands.

16.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, July 1st, 1821.

I am afraid C. will not easily be able to get lodgings which will exactly suit him, if what I have heard of the fulness of town on account of the ensuing Coronation is true. One of our fellows tells me that his father was obliged to go to Hampstead, having in vain endeavoured to accommodate himself with lodgings in town. An instance of the sums people will give to see things that may probably happen but once in their respective lives, was mentioned in the paper a few days ago. The front of one small house by which the procession passes, was said to have been let for the day for a thousand guineas. But perhaps this is nothing more than a newspaper "astomisher." We know that five guineas is given for a seat, which is just ten times as much as it was at the last coronation. During the reign of Henry the VIIIth, according to some old records, the price of a seat was a "dandy-pratt"—the smallest passing coin of the realm.

There will be three prize poems recited next speech-day—two by a boy named "Isaac" Williams, of great poetical talents, and one by Dallas in long verse, or hexameters, a more

scholarlike definition. They have instituted two Latin instead of a Latin and English poem, which last I think they might have left. We had for our subject for verses a short time ago that canto of the Lady of the Lake, in which the life of Brian, the seer, is described, and his curse upon all those who refuse to follow the arms of their country is pronounced after the sacrifice of a goat. The trial for our places in the fifth form will come on next week in Homer and Lucan, and I hope to keep my place, but I have not any hope or even wish to get above Thornton, the head of our class or *form*, as we call it. Others might be tempted to quote "Sour grapes," but you will believe me when I say I should not wish it, as I like him so much, and he is such a friend of mine. I have been employed the greatest part of this quarter, in reading and looking over the Grecian and Roman history and antiquities, which are advantageous in trial, and this, together with cricket, in which I am determined not to fall back, as I think it such a delightful game, has kept me so agreeably busy, that I have not been able to read Hume's twelve volumes as I intended. But I hope to do so next quarter, when I am in the fifth form. It is a very idle place to

some, but I hope it will not have that effect on me.

17.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Nov. 5th, 1821.

PRAY do you approve of the subscription for sir Robert Wilson? Do you think he deserves it? I saw three or four 500 guineas subscription. In John Bull, which I told you some fellows here take in, they search out every possible thing to depreciate the characters, and vilify the subscriptions of those who take a part in rewarding him. It says that Mr. Lambton, who gave £500, owes a far larger sum to sir Robert, which it would not be at all convenient for him to pay at present. John Bull says that Mr. —, who gives a thousand pounds to his poor constituents, has at present a son in the greatest distress, in relieving whom a far smaller sum would go a great way. Have these stories, which are very numerous in party papers, any foundation?

18.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, January 29th, 1822.

I HAVE lately examined and extracted a good deal from Dibdin's Introduction to the

Classics about the best editions of the various authors, and found it very interesting. My little tablet, which I bought at the shop, answers for it very well, and I should be much obliged if, when you have an opportunity of sending my Terence, which was at Fletcher's to be bound, you would send me another, as I can get nothing like it here. My intention is, whenever I find any thing worth knowing about books, to copy it into one tablet in pencil, and then, after having corrected and arranged my *extracts*, to copy them in ink in my other. I have already a quarter filled mine with extracts from Dibdin and other bibliographical writers. It would give me great pleasure and satisfaction if you would lend me your copy of De Bure's *Bibliographie Instructive*. It is a book upon which all bibliography seems now to rest, and Dibdin praises it for variety and pleasantry—rather difficult, I should fancy, to be attained in a descriptive Catalogue of Editions.

In the Cork Paper of the 19th instant it is mentioned, that a party of the militia, having seized a still and its owner, were surrounded and pelted by the peasants, who endeavoured to rescue the prisoner. The militia declared that unless they desisted, they would shoot their prisoner. Their opponents continued

the attack, and they put their strong, and, I should think, highly illegal threat into execution. I should like you to inform me whether this is allowed by law. The man had surrendered himself quietly. At the request of W— I have agreed to take in John Bull for a quarter. It is sometimes very clever and amusing. I see in it a very comical account of a Norfolk agricultural meeting, to consider about agricultural distress. There is a Mr. Thurtell, who abuses Lord Castlereagh in most fierce style. Lord Suffield observed that people's sight got clearer as their pockets grew lighter—but from some of his lordship's observations and arguments, John Bull infers that his lordship's pocket might be supposed to be still pretty heavy. I shall soon have to occupy myself about my trial. In Greek we shall be examined in Xenophon's account of the life and actions of Agesilaus. Our Latin business is the account, which you will find in Lucretius, of a plague which ravaged and desolated Athens and the Athenian territory. However, it is a very disagreeable narrative—so medical, such a close description of all that is most repulsive, &c.

19.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, 1822.

LAST night I finished my verses on printing, and sent them in to Dr. Butler—rather late; but, however, I believe he will receive them. Nevertheless, I do not give myself the smallest hopes of success, as all the most forward and clever boys have written on this, at least in the sixth form. There are eighteen *poems* sent for approbation, at least so I conjecture—seven on printing—five on the distress in Ireland—and six on modern Greece. However, it is advantageous to have tried once; it brings you into tuning for future competition, &c., and the exercise itself is improving during the time the other regular ones are excused for speech-day, &c. Various are the mottos assumed. They are generally attempts at wit about composition and contests, such as, “*Operosa parvus Carmina fingo*”—*Hor.* “*Sed mea delectant mala me*”—*Do.* “*Si quantum cupiam, possim quoque*”—*Do.*, &c. &c.

20.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, 1822.

I WAS very much amused by being told to-day that Harry's most valuable book had

scarcely been opened, and that it is now “uncut”—that is, just as it was bound up, as to the sheets, and not a single *bolt* (the word for where the leaves are divided) is separated. He is rather hard upon posterity; for in the beginning of the book he has declared that he hopes nobody will *conveniently make himself acquainted with its contents*.

Would you be so good as to ransack your memory a little, and try if you can give me any very witty thing upon ministers when they are in place, in the style of these two lines by an enemy of the Whigs—

“As bees that light on flowers cease to hum,
So Whigs that light on places soon are dumb.”

A fellow here quotes them, and maintains that there were never any so witty written *against* them.

21.—*From the same to the same.*

March 22, 1822.

I SEND you two anecdotes, which I have lately heard, and which I think will amuse you. One is, that Lord Sandwich, having the appointment of a chorister to Trinity College, Cambridge, sent one who had little or no voice, but another important qualification—viz., a vote in Huntingdonshire. On being

charged with inability to sing, he answered, "Gentlemen, my voice is in another county."

Another.—A man, who called at the Herald's College, and was very anxious that an old pedigree should be made out for him, could not by any possibility squeeze out any remarkable deed done by any one of his ancestry. After some consideration however, he remembered that one of his forefathers had been in prison in Ludgate, but had escaped by a rope fixed to King Lud's image. "Oh! that will do very well," said the examining herald; "*Lineally* descended from King Lud. That will do very well indeed, sir."

22.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Jan. 21, 1823.

As I was in the middle of a crabbed and tough passage of Greek tragedy last night, I was saluted with the voice of the servant at the door, saying "Mr. T—, a parcel." The word "parcel" happened to bring up old Twyford remembrances of sundry good things—chickens, apples, jams, &c., but "Yamen's face grew blanker and blanker" when a small roll of flannel appeared, and put all such anticipations to flight. However, I am much obliged to you, and hope that this extremely

soft weather will dissipate any little anxiety of yours about the accommodations here. I wear a flannel waistcoat : I use worsted stockings : I have four blankets : I have a carpet to my study : I have a curtain which lets down over my door in the study : if any cold weather comes on, I shall order a chimney-board !!! Pretty well. Among other things, I have as yet been constant to a little plan of mine, and intend to be so ; which is, to do a few things regularly every day, which I shall mention to you. The first is, to follow your directions with regard to the most important duty—to read some portion of ancient history in English—to spend about an hour either on Greek plays (which, by the bye, give me far more gratification than anything else classical) or Herodotus : and to learn thirty lines of Juvenal daily, which another boy and myself repeat to one another every evening. If there is anything else you would wish to be done, pray tell me, as, whatever you recommend would, I am sure, be of more advantage than what I could think of myself.

On Friday evening I sat for an hour with ——. He was so friendly as to lament my going to Oxford, adding, that he cannot alter his destination now, but if he had known this at midsummer, he would have gone there

also, as he then had his choice, which was fixed by him for Cambridge. The other day I had a long talk with W—, who is thoroughly acquainted with all that goes on at Cambridge. Among other things, he told me that there is a young man there who has already given great promise of eloquence, and has very much distinguished himself in that way. Mr. Brougham heard of this, took some interest in him, and wrote a long paper to his father, containing rules for public eloquence, with an account of the method by which he himself had arrived at such success. Brougham says that the trouble and labour which he took was very great—that he read the Greek and Latin orators with the most constant attention, particularly Demosthenes, from whom some part of his speeches were almost translations—that he transcribed the speech on the Queen's trial twenty-seven times, &c. Brougham states that, when a young man, he found himself in great want of a little systematic instruction on the principles of elocution by one who had practised it himself, such as he sent to this young man's father.

He told me also that Bloomfield*, the great Greek scholar, is a young, industrious, quick-

* The late Bishop of London.

sighted, active man, and by no means a pedant. He receives a considerable income as Dean of St. Paul's, and expects a bishoprick. I was curious to know what kind of man he was, and I think W— gave his character very accurately. He also told me of the method in which his cousin, a very clever young man, reads, when in full work. He gets up at five o'clock, reads till six ; goes to chapel, and has breakfast over by eight ; reads till three ; takes a run, and has dinner over by five ; reads till seven ; has tea, and a little rest till eight ; studies till four the next morning ; sleeps one hour!!! This, as you may conceive, will scarcely last long.

23.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Feb. 18, 1823.

It seems that we must have a rupture either with Spain or with France and her allies. The newspaper is now very interesting. What a curious business it is about Lord Portsmouth, but I don't quite understand that case. I cut out of the paper the other day the first legal notice of the prosecution of Mr. O'Meara by Sir Hudson Lowe. I heard a boy here say that the public characters he should like to see most severely

punished were—1st, the editor of —, for telling so many lies ; 2ndly, the duke of —, for voting against the queen, having heard the accusation without the defence ; 3rdly, sir Hudson Lowe, for bullying Buona-parte.

I have this morning finished the last volume of Johnson's Life, by Boswell, and am going to begin that of Philip the Second, by Watson. It was recommended to me by R. Martin *, a fellow in my remove, who is a friend of mine, and works very hard. If there is any author you or papa would wish me particularly to read, pray tell me, as I find I can make a good deal of spare time. I, I, I, but you have told us often that egotism is most acceptable to you from your sons, and we obey accordingly. There is my excuse. Three sons of Mr. Peter Latouche came to Harrow last week. They all seem very pleasant fellows. It was odd that the next day another fraternal triplet should arrive at Mr. Batten's, in the shape of *three* sons of Mr. Childe, who stood lately for Shropshire.

In the last 'Edinburgh Review' you were very much interested by the papers on the

* Brother, I believe, of the present member for Tewkesbury. He was afterwards at New College, Oxford, and died early, much beloved and regretted.

bishop of Peterborough, and other matters about the clergy. I saw this morning, lying on the table of Mr. Radcliffe (Rawdon's* private tutor), "An address to Francis Jeffery, the reputed conductor of the 'Edinburgh,'" on certain papers in that journal which referred to the same topics. Perhaps it would be interesting to you.

26.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Feb. 1823.

WE have had wonderfully cold weather here. The last day of snow on the ground all the junior Harrow fellows were busily employed in making snowballs, in preparation for a grand engagement, in the way of pelting one another, between the upper and lower part of the town. The whole thing is great fun, and has the pleasure of a little danger in it, as the snowballs are dipped in water to freeze, and become as hard as iron. Unfortunately, during the previous evening, some skirmishing took place, and one of the boys got a black eye. Butler found out what was going on, and being always very much afraid of any accidents, and timid for the boys, he was determined to put a stop to it. So he *stormed*

* Afterwards marquis of Hastings. At this time he was at Mrs. Leith's. Died Jan. 1844.

and destroyed all the magazines of ammunition in the town. However, he expressed his regret for spoiling the sport, and owned it would have annoyed him very much when he was a boy. He has generally something kind to say on these occasions.

25.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, June 15, 1823.

I HAVE now to offer you a strong inducement for coming down next speech-day. Butler has just given out the prize-poems, and I am fortunate enough to have got the only one I tried for, viz. the Alcaics on Spain. I thought it as well to try, but neither I nor any one else thought I had the most remote chance ; and with very good reason, as, among many others, Merivale*, the boy who got two prize-poems last year (one of which was Alcaics), tried for them this time also, and they were very much admired by the boys. I can't conceive why Butler preferred mine, but, as you may suppose, I am much gratified by this unexpected success. You know the form of speaking them ; and I shall have a handsome book given me. Merivale got the Greek, and a boy in our house, named Shepherd, the

* Herman Merivale, esq., now and for many years past Under Secretary for the Colonies. 1861.

long verses, upon Lazarus. One is the head, the other the third boy in the school. I am truly glad to be able to send you this account, which will please you so much. Mrs. Leith was much delighted when she was told that two boys in her house had got prizes, and expressed her satisfaction that we could do something in this way, besides beating the school at cricket, as we did not long ago.

I have just been with Harry, who has been correcting my prize Alcaics, and they will receive the final inspection of Dr. Butler to-morrow. Harry was very much pleased, although rather wondering at my succeeding against his nephew, who got them last year, and of whom he has such a great and well-deserved estimation.

It has been given out in church, that on next Saturday sen'night, a Confirmation will take place here by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and I should think I could not have a better opportunity. Will you direct me what to do? A good many boys will be confirmed, and Dr. Butler is very diligent in preparing them for it.

27.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Sunday, Oct. 12th, 1823.

I told Drury what Lord Grenville had said

about Oriel College, and he observed that Coplestone had made the same observation to him. Harry's expression to me was, "Lord Spencer's the man, if you can get at him." Oriel is certainly more difficult to get a place in than any other of the colleges at Oxford. Perhaps Lord Clifden would ask Lord Spencer to say something for me*. I heard the other day that when applied to for old Merivale, Coplestone said he would be glad to have him there. But I have no claims like his. We reckon him by far the cleverest fellow here. In the last letter you sent me there was a paragraph running thus: "Try to persuade —— to study, in order to make up for not being highly gifted." I tried to make out for half an hour who this was, but could not, and was obliged to guess at the "unknown" individual. At last it occurred to me that it could be nobody else but —— or ——; but, after a little thought, I considered that it would not apply to either, as —— has very good abilities indeed, is sixth in his remove, and deserves to be higher:

* This refers to some endeavours then in progress to obtain admission for the editor into Oriel College, which at that time was very difficult, and required a combination of measures to bring it about. Those adopted were finally successful.

nor, on the other hand, would it apply to —, as he is already very industrious, and takes so much pains to get on, that any advice from me would only be ‘coals to Newcastle.’ I am, therefore, still left in perplexity. If you do not refer to either of those whom I have mentioned, pray enlighten me a little more on the subject, and, if there is opportunity, I will do what *you* wish, and what *I* can.

28.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, Tuesday, 12 Nov. 1823.

“R— and I had some curiosity, from having heard so much about it, to see the scene of the late horrid murder* ; and accordingly the other day, with R— and the other two head boys in our house I went to Mrs. Leith to ask her to sign our names at the roll call, telling her where we intended to go. She kindly gave us permission ; and we set off about twelve, saw what was to be seen, and came back before six o’clock. The place is just adapted for a scene of lonely villainy and murder, and the deep hollow lanes, in one of which poor Wear was shot, only gave too

* That of Mr. Wear by Thurtell in Hertfordshire.

easy an opportunity for this fearful act of wickedness.

I have just been talking with Herman Merivale, who returned from Oriel College last night. He had gone there to be examined, and says that Coplestone seemed to expect him to know everything. He made him construe Herodotus, Thucydides, and Æschylus, Tacitus and Livy, in parts which he had not opened : examined him in history, chronology, and divinity, and told him he expected him to have some knowledge of mathematics and the use of the globes. This is sharp work, but still I very much hope to be able to get through, and trust that he will let *me* off a little easier. Some of our fellows have in some degree taken fright at this bill of fare, and I don't wonder at it.

29.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, March 28, 1824.

I HEARD on my return of our having lost two of our governors, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Page. Lord C. was much attached to the school, and always shewed great interest in it. We shall miss on speech-days his venerable old figure and not less venerable post-chaise, the only one of the kind still

visible in these parts, as a private carriage. We had a set of lyrics to do on their death, which I shall bring home with me, that you may see how I have introduced some of your thoughts in your poem on the first stone—

While History, in lucid garb arrayed,
The brilliant page of Clarendon displayed, &c.

They have not been looked over yet. Dr. Butler preached a sermon this morning, alluding to the same subject, although he is very ill and worn out with sickness and fatigue. Sir H. Halford saw him the other day, and said that he ought not to go out of his room for a week ; but the very next day he was up at every school-time. Not so our friend —, who takes many opportunities of staying out, from fits of gout, heavy colds, and various other ailments. How eccentric he is ! How full of ability, yet how strange in his proceedings, even as apparent to us boys !

For the two or three last nights Butler has been much annoyed by having his windows broke, and every boy who has any sense must be angry at it. There was a regular smash last night, and the monitors cannot prevent it entirely, although they may in some degree. They kept a sharp look out last night, and we caught two or three culprits, who were well licked. No pretext has

been given for this outrage. The same thing occurred some years ago, when he made fifty boys lose trial, and some perhaps undeservedly. The other day he treated a boy very leniently : it was a case of decided intoxication, and we thought that he would have been expelled, but he has only been turned down two removes, and there will stay. Dr. B. said there was no precedent of such a thing having occurred for forty years, when the offender was immediately expelled.

30.—*From the same to the same.*

Harrow, May 4th, 1824.

IF you have not observed in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ of yesterday the notice of our speeches having been put off for a week, I can make you certain about the matter. It was in vain for Butler to try to get them ready for this Thursday. It was a good thing for me, no doubt, as my tedious hoarseness is rather worse than when I left home. Yesterday was so wet that I “staid out* ;” but I managed to do sixty verses, and learn a satire of Persius—a sort of work which I certainly could not do with much satisfaction at home, yet it came naturally enough directly I got into

* The Harrow phrase for absence from school on account of ailment, answering to the collegiate “æger.”

the old Harrow atmosphere. It is not quite fair to chatter about myself before I tell you about P—, our young recruit, but I am sure that you will be pleased, when I inform you he is placed on the undershell ; not only likes, but enjoys the place, fellows, and *manière d'être* ; and separates some of his spare time for Greek Grammar, Virgil, &c. He was frightened with a sharp imposition put on him the other day for not answering some question ; but it was soon excused. These sort of ebullitions are not uncommon. During the first week that I was under the same ruler, I was somewhat terrified by being ordered to write out thirty pages of Guthrie, (did you ever see the book ?) for not knowing the name of the general who commanded the Austrians at the battle of Ulm. “Why, sir,” said our friend, “it was in every newspaper.” As well as I recollect my dates, the battle took place about a year before I was born. But the task, as you may suppose, was speedily forgiven, and in the kindest way.

I pass as much time as I can during the warm weather under the beautiful lime trees which surround our churchyard. From the form of the ground we can either get shelter from the wind, or receive the benefit of a refreshing breeze, just as we like ; and the view

of all sides, east, west, north and south, is very commanding. You know that we are close to it, and it is always perfectly quiet. There is a very foolish joke of threatening the younger boys with a command, under all sorts of penalties, to go round the churchyard by themselves at night. Not that this is ever done or enforced, but the very threat is *no joke* to some boys.

31.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

June, 1824.

THANK you, dearest F., for the happiness given to your father and myself through your renewed and double success in gaining the two Harrow prize poems this year*.

32.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Harrow, July 22nd, 1824.

WE had a grand cricket-match on last Saturday, and some excellent players from the Mary-le-bone Club played us, among whom was Ward. He bet 10*l.* upon us against the Etonians. He gives up a great deal of his time, thoughts, and money, to the game, and

* The remainder of this and one or two other communications of the same time, have personal matters so *intertwined* with the classic and the literary parts, that the editor feels obliged to omit them.

did a very handsome thing last year, when we were thinking of playing the Winchester boys. Above half of their eleven was to be taken from the college, and in consideration of the boys not being generally rich, he offered to pay the expense of their coming to town, and to keep them in his house above a week previous to playing. He was a Winchester man himself.

I am very glad that you still prefer Harrow to Eton. I have really found mine a most delightful school, and I really think that the general conduct and character of the boys is as good as can be expected at any school. People say we are always throwing stones, and some one has put this in print; but I say, that whosoever noted it was only like the traveller whose innkeeper squinted, and who therefore observed in his note-book, that every body in that part of the country had a cast in his eye. You may tell them that our fellows do it a little more than they ought from their ardent love of Homer, who is always talking of his heroes heaving the *χερμάδιον* or millstone at one another. People need not "throw stones" at us, in another sense, on account of our activity in this way.

We are many of us now very busy about verses, and not less about cricket. I shall do

what I can towards an English Farewell exercise ; but I fear it will be very poor. However, many bad articles of the kind make their appearance, and I must do my best.

We leave Harrow on Tuesday the 27th of this month, and play the Etonians on Friday the 30th. We feel much obliged to my father for the kind interest which he takes in our match. It is very likely that I shall have to bowl.

33.—*From the same to the same.*

26 July, 1824.

I SEND you my attempt at a Farewell, and if you are pleased with it and approve, it will be an ample return, not only for any little labour which I have spent on these verses, but also an encouragement under the sense of my inability to compose English rhymes at all as I could wish. I think the Italians have a proverb, “Paga lei, paga il mondo.” If they satisfy *you*, it will be to *me* according to this saying.

Farewell to Harrow.

If days with ancient lore entwin'd,
Or spent in sportive ring—
If nights, from which the buoyant mind
Sprang forth on morning wing—
Can claim a thought, an inward sigh,
Arouse my untaught minstrelsy,

Or ope the teeming breast ;
Affection whispers to my ear—
“To Harrow be the song—the tear,
The true farewell addrest.”

I leave thee—as a friend whose home
Is 'neath the dreary sward ;
Nay more—for though thou liv'st, thy dome
To me henceforth is barr'd—
The sprightly bands still climb thy hill
Thy halls with busy murmurs fill,
And court the willing spell—
Tho' scarce I've run my boyish race,
Nought in my mind can fill their place,
Of all that hope can tell.

Oft have I stood beneath this wall*
And heard the howling storm,
When age had hung a gloomy pall
Around its sacred form.
I saw the stone imbedded lie,
From whence renew'd it cleaves the sky,
Endow'd with youth again.
Here while the Latian echoes ring
Rome's wand'ring genius rests his wing,
Allur'd by antique strain.

Ah ! would that all the charms could feel
Which dwell around thy seat !—
There are, whose joy it is to steal
The gall from blossoms sweet.
It pleases me to breathe the gale
Which uncorrupted friends inhale,

* The old school, recently adorned with the buildings
of the new speech room.

The same pursuits to lead :
I love to meet the contest light
In study's toil, or fancy's flight,
Or sports along the mead.

To me among the churchyard glades
Unnumber'd phantoms rise ;
They're peopled with a thousand shades
In dim unearthly guise :
The studious youth*, whose honied tongue
Pour'd forth his Eastern lore among
The sages of the earth :
The form of Sheridan appears,
While wreathed smiles and heartfelt cheers
Attend the child of mirth.

The bard † is gone, whose funeral knell
Sounds deep in many a breast.
The thrilling pang what tongue can tell
O'er such by death oppress'd.
Beneath this bough-twined canopy
He gazed upon the angry sky,
Or evening's melting ray.
Oh ! may some Phoenix from his pile
Arise, and o'er th' admiring isle
Its proud ascent display.

The dreams which played around my heart
Now take their passing flight,
The open paths of life impart
No pleasure to my sight.
The friends of youth may meet—and yet
They cannot meet—as they have met

* Sir W. Jones, educated at Harrow. † Byron. Died
April 1824, shortly before these lines were written.

Beneath this happy sky ;
For half the world I would not know
What tides of misery may flow
Around them, ere they die.

For some may rise, and hold a front
For envy's fatal blow ;
And some may feed in cheerless want
The living lamp of woe.
While some, who now sweet converse share,
Shall flit like bubbles through the air,
On varied stations thrown :
And as new thoughts and labours rise
Shall learn their comrades to despise,
And be to them unknown.

But may contempt, with all her train
Light swiftly on my head,
And all such woes, as in the brain
Ingratitude hath bred,
If e'er oblivion from my breast
Tear the fond records of the nest,
From whence I wing my flight.
No ! like the letter on the tree,
Indelible 'twill grow with me
Through fortunes dull or bright.

For youthful kindness, oft renew'd,
If some return I've made,
Still there is one*—by gratitude
Alone to be repaid.
I cannot tell, nor yet conceal
My thanks to him, whose kindly zeal

* The Rev. Dr. Butler, head master.

Adopts the untaught boy :
 And as the parent of the mind
 Implants the seed of joys refin'd
 From worldly, base alloy.

What though between us Alps ascend,
 Though rolls the wat'ry brine ?
 Where'er my wandering course I bend,
 Still, Harrow, I am thine :
 Thine image through the vale of life
 Shall lead me, and with worldly strife
 A tranquil charm entwine.
 Oh may I never thee disgrace,
 Nor draw upon so fair a face
 A tear, for sin of mine !

The editor had received an invitation from L^d. Gosford, the father of one of his earliest school friends*, to accompany him and his son on a visit to Ireland, and a very happy journey ensued.

Just as he was setting out, he received the following letter. The concluding passage shews the writer's extreme care and sensibility towards her old nurse.

34.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

August 24, 1824.

R —— is at present my secretary to tell

* The present earl, then viscount Acheson. The friendship is still the same. 1861.

you that I am considerably better to-day, and took a tolerable walk before breakfast without much fatigue. I have mentioned this first, as to *you* it will be the most interesting circumstance I can communicate. We have seen Penshurst and Summer-hill—the first interesting for its fine oaks and moral beauty, as associated with the names of sir Ph. Sidney, queen Elizabeth, and so many of the master spirits of that age. On seeing Sacharissa's picture I was reminded of Mrs. Montague's lively remark, "that verse is the true Elysium of female vanity," for she is far handsomer in Waller's poetry than on canvass, with the advantage of immortality: but poet's mistresses have never been eminent for beauty or any other excellency. Lord Byron accounts beautifully for this in Childe Harold, or rather he puts the common and well known cause—"their dressing up whatever they like in the bright colours of their own imagination," into striking and expressive language. Summer-hill is situated in one of the most beautiful demesnes I have seen, is fresh as fairy-land, and is a *liveable, though* nearly a magnificent house, built in the time of queen Elizabeth. It is now gone from the possession of those who must have been connected with the scenery, and the surrounding inhabitants, by

far other ties than those which can bind any new purchaser, however worthy.

Adieu, dearest F—— : do not forget my commission in Dublin. It is to visit Mrs. Cornwell, my dear nurse, and to give her my love, and tell her C—— begs to know what she would like for a little guinea keepsake, and lay it out for her, when you know her choice, and give her a little trifle from me, in your own name ; and ask whether her friends are kind and attentive to her ; and whether we could do anything for her. You will hear of her at the National Bank, where her son is clerk. Adieu.

35.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Dublin, August 1824.

WE have travelled very quick, both by sea and land. Our passage from Holyhead took us only six hours, and I escaped sickness ; though among our cousins, the archbishop of Tuam and his family, who were on board, some suffered much. Our only stoppage, even for a few hours, on the land journey, was at Cheltenham. Excepting this, we posted straight from London to Holyhead, and the open carriage was very pleasant. My first acquaint-

ance with lord Mandeville*, who makes the fourth of our party, was at midnight in the kitchen of the inn at Shrewsbury, where he joined us, and we have found him a capital fellow-traveller. I will tell you a little about him, as you have often heard from me about L^d. Gosford, and Acheson is so well known to you personally. Lord M. is about twenty-six years old, and a sailor by profession ; but notwithstanding that, is very fond of horses, riding, and farming. He lately married a lady, who is a great heiress, the daughter of lady Olivia Sparrow, L^d. G——'s sister. He is a very religious man, and reads the Bible constantly. He is a good mechanic, and takes great interest in observing and kindly explaining to the juniors of the party the various works which we meet on our journey.

The chain-bridge at the Menai Straits looks very promising. I cannot say as much of the new works at the entrance to Howth harbour. They seem a dead failure, and might be called a practical Irish bull, as it is a *harbour* into which no vessel, which draws any depth of water, can by any possibility enter! I have been to-day to see the build-ings of Dublin, which are very fine, and I much admire the spacious form which the

* Afterwards duke of Manchester. Died in 1855.

city presents ; but my survey, as yet, has been very incomplete. We go northward to-morrow, and from thence I will write as soon as I possibly can ; but we have been travelling so fast since I left you, that I have been enabled to do very little as a correspondent yet.

36.—*From the same to the same.*

Gosford Castle, August 1824.

WE are at present living in part of the old family mansion, as the Castle is as yet unfinished. It is a fine building, formed of granite, brought from a distance of several miles. We have much to amuse and interest us, and all are in famous good spirits. I rode yesterday with L^d. M—— to see a place and town of his, not far distant — Tanderagee. There is a pleasant dwelling there, belonging to him, near the town, and a picturesque grove with running water flowing and sparkling about. A little anecdote of Irish ways may amuse you. When we were posting here, the trace of one of the leading horses would not stay in its proper place, and was causing fuss and stoppage. Somebody called out, in fun, to the postboy, “Why don’t you put it under his leg?” Soon there was a tremendous

bolting and kicking. The boy had absolutely taken the direction literally, and *had* put it under his leg. "Sure," was his excuse, "I did as your honor bade me." I forgot, or rather, I had scarcely time to tell you in my last, how much I was delighted with the beauty of the Welch mountains. You know they were the first which I had ever seen. The whole way from Oswestry to Bangor was to me most interesting. You, who know the road so well, and have such an appreciation of grand landscape scenery, will readily enter into my feelings on such a journey. We stopped at the door of the Ladies of Llangollen, whom I believe you know, but from some cause or another they were unable to see us. Some covers, however, were speedily sent down to the carriage for Lord G. to frank ; and I believe this is constantly done when they hear of any one in or near the place who possesses this privilege. They are said to have a very wide correspondence ; and this appears to support it. I should doubt very much whether there was much privacy in their lives on such a highway as the great Welch road presents for English and Irish friends.

The letters and extracts will for sometime refer chiefly to the university of Oxford, of which the editor had now become a member.

37.—*From the same to the same.*

Angel, Oxford, Nov. 11th, 1824.

I AM presently going to dine with a friend of mine in New College hall. The members have the privilege of inviting a stranger, and I had a curiosity to be present at one of these academic meals. After passing through my examinations, which were chiefly in Homer and Livy, I was happy to hear Coplestone say, "You are now a member of Oriel." However, my business is not done yet, as the Vice-Chancellor, who puts the final stroke in these affairs, cannot see me till to-morrow. This has been a most unfavourable day, and I have therefore not been able to be out much ; but I went for a short time to see the examinations in the Public School. They were examining a young man in divinity, and he answered admirably. The examiners sometimes seem determined to run down their game if they can, and there is a separate examiner for each science or language. It is a great credit to answer well in every respect. Coplestone was very goodnatured, and appointed me a College Tutor, who recommended me to do some things

previous to residing, which I shall certainly attend to. He also desired his compliments to my father.

It is not the custom for a "freshman" to make any calls upon those residing here, however well he may have known them before; but an old friend has just come here to see me, and I must close this letter with saying that I am comfortably lodged, and heard no row in the night. Some people speak and write as if you might expect such things at any moment; e. g. the author of 'Reginald Dalton,' which I believe is a mass of exaggeration from end to end.

I will send you more particulars to-morrow.

38.—*From the same to the same.*

Angel, Oxford, Nov. 13th, 1824.

I have only just finished my necessary business of matriculation, as the Vice-Chancellor put me off. Coplestone appointed me a public tutor of the name of Dornford, and I have heard not a word spoken of the need of private tutors. Dornford was formerly in the army, and was once nearly lost on Mont Blanc. Three of the guides in the party perished in the catastrophe.

The oaths which I have taken are these—

That I will abhor the damnable doctrines of Popery ; that I will touch my cap to the Proctors ; and not murmur at receiving corporal punishment ! Young men did not like swearing to this lie, and they have qualified it by saying, “if it suits the age of the student.” I have passed my time chiefly in the rooms of Martin at New College, and dine to-day in the public hall at Trinity, and have been at two wine parties.

I shall leave this on Monday morning for Chessel. It seems to me that the non-reading men complain sadly of the want of amusement at Oxford. Pigeon-shooting is just now in much fashion. Many people say that the formality of Oxford is marked and disagreeable. At all events one advantage seems to arise from it. There is nothing like violence or quarrelling. A dispute of this kind is almost unheard of, nor indeed is there any way of settling such a contingency. Fists are out of the question, and duelling is never thought of. So some good seems to come out of evil, though, I must say, that personally to me any thing like formality is most objectionable.

39.—*From the same to the same.*

Ld. Ashtown's, Chessel, November 1824.

Mrs. D— dined here the day before yesterday. She said that she read an article in the 'Monthly Magazine,' which she guessed to be yours ; but I am sure that it was not your style. It was in prose, and purported to be a letter sent from a tradesman's daughter on a Brighton excursion to a friend in London. This lady apes the "*blue*" or "*femme savante*," and finds out the most scientific names for the most common objects. The article is clever and satirical enough, but the joke soon wearies, and there is not much variety in the narrative.

I was amused by reading in the 'Herald' this morning that at the moment the Turkish fleet was suffering such a defeat, the Sultan was issuing his *firman* about Turkish ladies' dress, and forbidding them to wear *embroidered feredjis*. As long as he goes on thus, he will be one of the very best friends to the Greek cause.

We are reading Captain Medwin's quarto in the evening. I need not recommend it to any one who has read the full extracts in the papers. By those who have not, it will be found very entertaining. I am going to

follow Coplestone's advice in reading here. He recommended me to attend much to Latin prose composition. Every thing I hear of Oriel makes me more glad that I have got into it. The appearance of the building is but poor, and a great contrast to that of Christ Church, which is close opposite. You complain of my dormitory being like that of a pigeon's in the college roof; but we have no abode at Oriel of such an ill-omened name as "Skeleton corner," which is absolutely the name given to a certain part of the Christ Church domicile. I dined in the hall there with lord Clements* the other day. He is a brother of my Harrow friend, and a "tuft"—to use a word of academic phraseology, taken from the gold tassel worn on the nobleman's cap. You see at once the origin of the expression "tuft hunter," applied to a certain not very respectable character, who is always seeking people out for their rank, and making a fuss about it.

I am delighted to hear that you are so well. This is another sadly wet day, just like that so amusingly described in the essay on the "Stout gentleman," which you know well. Even from this pleasant front all looks dark and gloomy; but the wood at the water

* Died in 1839, much beloved and regretted.

side has not quite lost its autumnal brown, and is still very attractive. On the more exposed trees there are but few leaves remaining, which

Hang so light and hang so high
On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

or, as in the ancient Mariner :

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
The forest-brook along.

40.—*From the same to the same.*

Chessel, Saturday, Nov. 1824.

I went this morning to call on Mr. ——. He was out, but Mrs. ——— shewed us the alterations and various improvements in the old mansion. “Mr. ———,” as she says, “has taken very good care of himself,” and it is quite true, as he has had his room fitted up with hot water cocks, a bath, &c., in the most complete and attractive style.

The bishop of Lichfield preaches at Milbrook to-morrow for the girls’ charity school there. People seem very busy about different charities at present in this neighbourhood. A meeting for the conversion of the Jews takes place in Southampton this week, about which I heard a dispute at the ———’s. One said she would go to the world’s end to bring

it about. Her relative declared she would not walk across the room for it. Another plan at present in hand is a Benefit Society upon enlarged principles, about which Mr. Fleming interests himself much, and large subscriptions have been contributed for it. The violent storm is the general talk here, and it is no wonder. Every thing seems to have suffered by it—ships lost, the contents of timber yards all gone astray, chimneys blown down, ladies universally frightened up in the night; and, last not least, the fate of our magnificent elm at Bursledon. It is lamented by people of much taste, such as ——; of very moderate taste, such as ——; and of no taste at all, such as ——. I have not yet heard from you about it, or received any monody, which it well deserves.

I am going to write to R—— to-day, and should be glad to know when Harrow breaks up, and how you find W—— going on at Blackheath.

This neighbourhood goes on just as usual, but there seems to have been great changes in the families, particularly about Southampton, which is become quite a watering-place. Indeed there is scarcely an house to be let there. Many of the gentlemen about here have been asked if any thing would tempt

them to let their houses, and some have been affronted by the proposition. The weather has been so bad, that I have as yet scarcely been able to see any body, but have received many kind invitations, among others from sir W. Hoste, that true naval hero and most kind man.

41.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

Jan. 25, 1825.

WITH regard to *society*, you may be assured that you will soon have acquaintances enough. The best sense and the highest breeding is shewn by being the first to come forward. Every one affects to *say* otherwise, but every one of prudence and elevation of mind does as I advise you. All the petty doubts about it give more importance to the matter than it is worth. Where there is education, good conduct, attainments, and position in society, a readiness to form acquaintance will always confer pleasure on those who are worth being pleased.

42.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Oriel, February 6th, 1825.

I AM much obliged to you for sending me the paper daily, as I am as yet in no club or society. The speeches in parliament occupied me some time to-day. They were very in-

teresting, and shewed a great variety of character. There is a Debating Society here, which goes on with some *éclat* and popularity. The best performers are Wilberforce*, Mohun†, son of lord Stanhope, Torrens‡ and Wrangham. I am acquainted with the three first mentioned, and am going to breakfast with Torrens to-morrow. I met him at lord Listowell's in London. He is a clever, entertaining man, with much social tact, which, I am told, he employs in exercising a sort of leadership among a particular set in Christ Church. It wants a special kind of talent to do this sort of thing any where, or among any people. Neither rank, riches, nor ability will ensure it—no, not all these together.

I came under the proctor's jurisdiction in rather an odd way the other night. As I was quietly crossing from my lodgings in the High Street towards my college bedroom at Oriel, a stout man with a fierce aspect (the collegiate name is "bull-dog") ran up, and told me that the proctor sent his compliments and wished to speak to me. I turned round, and behold, the proctor was a few yards behind me. He said, "Your name and college, sir," adding, "Sir, you have lost your shoe,

* Now Bp. of Oxford.

† The present earl.

‡ Died in India in high official life.

where did you leave it?" It was tight, and I happened to have loosed it, and was limping along, so that I suppose he thought, from my walking lame, that I was intoxicated, or had lost my shoe in some row! Fussy enough this!—but I must not complain, as in return for pulling me up he bade me a most gracious good night, and absolutely begged my pardon for the interruption. I don't think this often happens to an undergraduate.

43.—*From his Mother to F. T.*

Feb. 1825.

WE arrived here yesterday, and formed a "partie quarrée" with lord and lady ———. Nothing can exceed the attention of our kind host and hostess to their guests, nor the high and remarkable finish of the whole place, house and furniture. Alas! it was for this unusual show and perfection in things of this present world that the former proprietor sold himself, forfeiting competence, honesty, honour, and finally life itself, at the shrine of pomp and vanity. He was engrossed by an overweening spirit of accommodation, for himself and his guests, which almost amounts to a vice, unless it is balanced by other qualities to keep it in its right place. If one looks back on the course of past years in the history of such a man,

what a great moral lesson is unfolded to us in the event of such a life !

I agree with you that it is very difficult to read the newspapers and records of passing events neither too much nor little. These are important times. The speeches of sir James Mackintosh, Brougham, and Canning have been the best*. I will sometimes mark for you what is best worth reading in the newspapers, to save you time and trouble, and to spare you time for your own many studies, claiming at the present time all your best attention. You will never regret time spent on the Greek and Latin classics and regular collegiate course, though I also quite approve of your lively interest in the events of the day. They are history not less than the things which are past. I have not made up my mind on the formation of the Catholic Committee, though quite, and long ago, on Catholic Emancipation.

44.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Oriel, March 25, 1825.

I MENTIONED in another letter, that I had a chorus from a Greek play to translate for

* These were specially on the subject of catholic emancipation.

an imposition. It was set merely, as the tutor said, to keep up the rules of the college, but not for any thing really discreditable ; and he paid me the compliment of reading it over at the public lecture with much praise. Rather an odd sort of imposition or chastisement, and well if one has no worse ! It was a very beautiful chorus of Sophocles, and I will bring you home my translation.

In lecture room we read Greek Testament and Paley's Evidences. Do you know Paley's writings ? He is very clear—almost mathematical in style. There is a story about him, that although he was a clergyman, his chief delight was in attending courts of justice, where he could gratify his desire of proof and investigation.

45.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, May, 1825.

You will be interested in hearing that my name was put up the other day for the Debating Society, and I am much pleased at having been unanimously elected. To-morrow I shall *take my seat*. How grand that would sound in the ears of a parliamentary man ! Black balls, on these occasions, sometimes fall far too thickly to please the unhappy aspirant

at the honours of eloquence among his “young compeers.”

On Monday last I rode over to see Blenheim, at present in a state of most sad dilapidation*. The proprietor leads a strange life. His garden is his great delight, and that is in a state of high cultivation, though unfortunately no one is allowed to see it. The park and artificial water is beautiful—a kind of oasis in the midst of an uninteresting country. What a contrast Oxfordshire presents to the beautiful coast of Hampshire, and specially to our own neighbourhood, with its woods, coppices, commons, and intersecting waters all combined in such exquisite variety and loveliness! Here also we have a disagreeable white, pasty, muddy soil, in exchange for the dry, rich-coloured gravel of our roads, drives and walks about dear old Bursledon. But we cannot have every thing, and the *antiquity* of the neighbourhood—its venerable, stereotyped, unchangeable character has no slight charms for me. I had read Uvedale Price’s work on the Picturesque, which has in it many references to the grounds of Blenheim, and that gave me a fresh interest in their examination.

* Happy is the contrast now presented on all sides, within and without this princely abode. 1861.

46.—*From the same to the same.*

June 12, 1825.

I FIND myself now quite settled here, and am in the occupation of large, cool, airy rooms on the ground floor. Happily, besides my bedroom, I have a small apartment looking towards the quiet street, and with Corpus College opposite. And there I can retire, having “sported the oak,” as the strange phrase is for closing from within the strong, massive outer door of our rooms. When particularly busy, I am in the inner hold of my collegiate fortress, and impenetrable to assaults by knocks at the door, and to the still more dangerous and attractive interruptions of known friendly faces appearing at my quadrangle window.

47.—*From the same to the same.*At L^d. Ashtown's, Chessel, July, 1825.

THE weather is again exceedingly hot—good for the harvest—not so for Freehill's turnips, which I saw languishing yesterday. The races at Southampton were wretchedly bad. The ball in the evening better and tolerably cool, being held in that creaking, aquatic ball-room, which, according to annual anticipation, is to tumble into the sea, with all its

dancing occupants, at some no distant day. The chief objects of interest were lord and lady Cochrane, on a visit in this neighbourhood. You know he used to live at Holly Hill, near us. I was introduced to them, and had a little conversation with lady C—, who told me she much hoped to get possession of Holly Hill, and live there; at all events to rent, if they could not purchase it. She is young, lively, and handsome. He is tall, with large marked features, and rather an heroic look, of the Scotch type or character, rather reserved, and many years older than his wife. They came here the other day, and I accompanied them over the grounds, which they much admired.

I have dined at Botley Grange. Among others, I met sir Wm. Heathcote, and liked much the little intercourse I had with him. He looks remarkably young, and I should have guessed him to be about twenty, but he must be several years older, as he has been a fellow of All Souls', Oxford, and only surrendered it on succeeding to his property. He told me that he liked Oxford extremely, and much regretted his separation from the collegiate circle, to which he was much attached*.

* His connexion with Oxford has now been again

Sir W. C— is staying in the house at present. He has lived a good deal with his Majesty in former times, and with innumerable lord-lieutenants of Ireland.

I have had an invitation from my friend Ralph Carr to visit him in Durham. Would there be any objection to my accepting? I should like to see a little of north country life, which is quite unknown to me, and he says that a southern is sure to be made much of, as a *rara avis* in those parts.

Uncle Ashtown has given R— a very good contribution for the ‘Translator’*, in the shape of Metastasio’s Incantation and Recantation, very accurately and gracefully rendered into English verse. It is a very pretty poem, though its original germ must be claimed for our old friend Horace, in his ode, “Donec gratus eram tibi,” &c., which, as well as I recollect (for I have no Horace with me), you will find in the second book of his odes.

I have been doing a little mathematics, but my chief employment has been on Cicero’s orations. How fine they are, but what ego-

renewed, by the interesting tie of representing the University in Parliament.

* An early undertaking of the present Dean of Westminster. Its aim was the monthly publication of poems from various languages rendered into English.

tism appears at any opportunity of its exhibition. Not so, I think, with Demosthenes. He only speaks of himself when it is necessary : Cicero, whenever he can find or make an occasion. People would now be rather astonished if Mr. Canning was to rise night after night and assert the claim of a statue to himself on account of the happy result of his administration. Nor would people much approve of Brougham, were he to begin and wind up his speeches by thanking God for the talents He had given him, in the face of parliament, jury, or public assemblage.

I SEND an attempt of mine to translate Gray's well known Latin Ode, in case it may be acceptable as a contribution to the 'Translator.'

From Gray's Ode written at the Grande Chartreuse.

Hail, thou fair spirit of this dark abode,
Whate'er the title that delights thee most :
For no light honors doth this hoary wood,
And streams beloved in careless childhood boast.

Here Power Divine amid these yawning caves,
These forests loudly howling to the wind,
These rugged mountains and resounding waves
Dwells in more awful mystery enshrined,

Than if an image in refulgent gold
 From Phidias' hand majestically rose—
 Hear me, O Spirit ! In thine arms enfold
 A youth already panting for repose.

But if to me such solace be denied—
 If years on years delay such hour of bliss—
 If Fortune toss me on her stormy tide,
 And long detain me in her dark abyss,

Still grant, O Father, that my wearied age
 Sink on the gentle bosom of repose,
 And bear me to some distant hermitage,
 Far from the world's ambition, sin, and woes.

48.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Oct. 13, 1825.

I HAVE just passed some hours in the apartment of the Schools where the Undergraduates are examined for their degree. It was a tedious business. Plenty of blunders and some odd ways among the examiners. It is necessary to attend, in order that one may know something about the claims on one's own knowledge (or ignorance, as it may be) in having to undergo the same ordeal oneself.

Our friend —— at Christ Church does not seem as yet to have made many acquaintances. However, many fellows, who seem lonely enough at first, afterwards abound

with associates : according to the old proverb, when it rains, it pours. We had a meeting of the debating society the night before last at Acheson's fine rooms, in one of the towers of Christ Church, but it was a poor affair. The subject was grand and comprehensive enough—perhaps too much so—Liberty. It is almost as bad to have *too much* as *too little* for debate, or, indeed, I think, for composition of any kind. You see my ready excuse for my fellow-collegians. The dons are much to blame for discouraging us in every way, and compelling us to wander here and there for meetings, instead of allowing us any fixed abode, which we might easily obtain*. Our best speakers are lord Mohun, Wortley, and Samuel Wilberforce. An opponent imitated and parodied the flowing style of the last-mentioned orator, some nights ago, in a very entertaining, but not very courteous, way. This was going a little too far, even for the liberty of debate. All the family of Wilberforces inherit from their father the utmost facility of speech. It

* No slight contrast to all this appears now in that complete and admirable institution, the "Union," to which the editor is now so much indebted, as an old member, for the enjoyment of its many and various privileges.

is hard work enough for some of us to express ourselves, even when we may have something to say, but with them it is quite otherwise. The words come out as it were naturally in their "sine intervallis locutio."

As yet I have not lionized the many objects of interest in Oxford—libraries, pictures, &c., but will begin when you come. I hope it may be soon. There is a great deal to see in Oxford which you will delight in.

49.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel Coll., Nov. 1825.

THE dean has put me into Aristotle, whose system of morality people have begun of late to abuse vehemently ; but really part of it is very beautiful, and a knowledge of his philosophy, &c. is reckoned of the greatest consequence here. It is the rock upon which many men split, as of all the classical authors he approaches nearest to mathematical argument or demonstration, and, as we know well, this does not suit everybody. You mention that you were anxious to hear of my making a real speech ; and in this you were very near being gratified, as my question was at first chosen by the committee for next Saturday. It was afterwards thrown out by a

man, who was not present at the first meeting, and said the subject was too deep. It was whether the "Study of Fiction" tends to produce morality and virtue, or the contrary? It is the custom for the person whose subject is chosen to open the debate. It appears to me that their general tone of questions are too broad and extensive for the discussion of two or three hours, to which the period is limited, and it is really hopeless for us to settle the merits of the Catholic question or the policy of England towards Spain in such an atom, comparatively speaking, of time.

A kind of cholera is much about here at present, and very troublesome, but not dangerous. There is hardly a man of our acquaintance who has escaped except myself. However, I suppose it will soon be my turn. It is generally over in the course of the day.

50.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Nov. 1825.

Lady Charleville has given me your kind letter, and the copy of the "Translator." It looks very nicely printed, contains several interesting pieces, and does, I think, great credit to R — altogether, as editor of the

publication. I am sure that he has taken great pains about it, and congratulate him on his success.

Lady C. sent for me from the Star Hotel as soon as she arrived, and with her usual activity of mind, set out directly on a circuit round Oxford, specially to visit the best works of art in the place. She was carried about every where in her chair just as into the parties at London. Her remarks on the various objects were all clever of their kind, and sometimes mixed up with a good deal of humour. She was greatly charmed with Chantrey's statue of the late Cyril Jackson, dean of Christ Church, in that cathedral. It is certainly a most able and remarkable work. He is sculptured as sitting in his academical robes, and the crackling folds of rich, heavy black silk are so cut as to be not less distinguishable from the other parts of the dress than black from white in a picture.

The debating society is to meet in my room next Saturday, the subject being, "The London University." The liberals like it. The others don't. Some say that it will interfere with Oxford and Cambridge: others maintain this to be all nonsense. We shall see how the speeches and votes go. Some of the supporters of the London University have been

indulging in needless flings and kicks against the two universities. This is very uncourteous and ungenerous. They might pursue their own way without it. But one must not return evil for evil, or get spiteful because some forget themselves on these matters and attack the good, old prosperous institutions, with which they have nothing whatsoever to do, and have no possible claim to interfere merely because they want a new one.

51.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, November 1825.

As I know you are an admirer of ancient literature, and prefer maintaining it, as our chief study in early years rather than dilute our efforts of youth by a multitude of pursuits, more modern of their kind, at some which some are aiming by all sorts of means, I will copy out for you here a short passage from Coplestone's controversial works. It is an answer to the 'Edinburgh Review' on the subject before us. "In reply to the frivolous impertinence about checking the progress of science and keeping us back to the measures of the ancients, let it suffice to state that a rank fallacy runs through the whole argument. The writer confounds the cultivation

of literature with the acquisition of science. In the former, unless our models be defective, the study of those morals will be as beneficial now as ever. In the latter, the ancients are not made our guides. We study them for the facts—the reasonings—the descriptions, the characters, and the sentiments—the principles and examples of pure taste which they contain. These must ever be what they once were, and their relative importance must ever remain the same. It is not the discovery of neutral salts or the decomposition of alkalis that can alter the value of ancient literature—that can make eloquence less powerful, poetry less charming, historical examples less valuable, moral and political reflections less instructive. Where then is the wisdom of bringing into comparison things which have no common points of relation, which are, in fact, heterogeneous, and incommensurate with each other? Whatever may be the advancement later ages have made in the knowledge of the properties of bodies, the temper and constitution of the human mind cannot have changed, and the writers best adapted to make impression there, if we turn not stupidly and sullenly away, will perform their office now as heretofore.” I have chosen this passage out of others, firstly, because

I admire it very much, and next, because I think it is not likely that you should have met with it. It is taken out of a controversial pamphlet, which is very severe (I give it no stronger appellation, lest the walls of Oriel should fall on my head), but very much provoked by the enemies of our colleges. I hope soon to send something more for the Translator.

Tracy, of this college, has kindly sent word that you and any party of friends might be admitted to see his father's beautiful place, whenever you like to go. Pray observe the stone figures of the men who slew Thomas à Becket, carved there in stone. A curious remembrance for a family, but, I suppose, quite in agreement with heraldic art and custom.

52.—*From the same to the same.*

November, 1825.

I HAVE been rather in a dilemma during these last few days, in consequence of having, perhaps too hastily, accepted a seat in a new debating society, formed of seceders from the old one, and I want your advice. The fact is, that during the whole term there had been a most injurious apathy and spirit of trifling in the society at large; and this was strongly

disapproved of by some of the ablest men and best speakers. So they formed themselves into a private committee, and made a choice of about thirty-six men to establish a new institution, and altogether quit the old hive or community. They introduced my name, and at first I was very well pleased, but have thought a good deal about it since. I have well-founded and serious doubts whether it will not give rise to much odium generally in the university, and appear a palpable affront to the rest of the society. I wish that I could see plainly whether it is right to withdraw one's name from the seceders, or to cast in one's lot with them. The old society deserved a *hit*, but perhaps not such a sharp blow. The subject is much talked of, and those who have withdrawn are not unnaturally supposed to think themselves too good for the old society. Besides, some men have been shut out of the new one, who do not deserve to have been thus dealt with. You see my dilemma, and perhaps you will kindly give me your good advice. When I speak of the ablest and cleverest men, I do not mean that *all* such have joined the new association, but there is a preponderance of them in it. All I want is to see my way clearly, and then I don't mind what one or another may *say*.

We have passed an extremely regular and steady term. Not a whisper of a row in the *quad*, and few suppers to originate such proceedings.

R. is passing a very quiet life at Christ Church with a sexagenarian paternal servant. Every thing there also calm, and according to the best wishes of disciplinarian dons.

Our “collections,” answering exactly to the old Twyford “gatherings,” begin to-morrow fortnight. I shall have to take up three books of Aristotle’s *Ethics*, three plays of *Æschylus*, one book of *Thucydides*, and two of *mathe-matics*.

There is altogether a very pleasant set of men here in this college. Eton rather preponderates over Harrow as to numbers. Among those I see most of are Montague Parker and Charles Murray*, of Eton, Head† of Winchester, Des Vœux, Barrington, Howard‡, of my own class at Harrow, Eyre, son of my father’s old friend, and Welby and Wise of Rugby, &c. &c. There is a good deal of variety of character among them, with much friendliness towards one another, and a great deal to like. In other colleges I keep up my in-

* Now ambassador at Dresden.

† Recently governor of Canada.

‡ Now earl of Effingham.

tercourse with the old Harrow fellows as much as I possibly can.

Fitzharris *, of our county, son of Lord Malmesbury, has been added this term to the worshipful community of Oriel. His father, as you know, is a great reader, and, I am told, has encouraged him in a taste for modern literature, with a view to diplomacy, the profession of his grandfather, who was so able in that way.

53.—*From the same to the same.*

Chessell, Hants, December 31, 1825.

MAY I ask whether my father and R. attended the anti-slavery meeting, at which sir J. Macintosh and Brougham spoke—the latter, so far as I can judge, really very much in the close style of his favourite Demosthenes. The son of the former is at Cambridge, and, I dare say, R. knows him. They were friends, as well as I can recollect, at Twyford. I shall call, when I come to London, on an acquaintance, who is staying with Jeremy Bentham, and see that hero of the liberals, democrats, radicals, or whatever people may be pleased to call them. Here they say that the emperor Alex-

* Present earl, and secretary of state for the foreign department in the administration of Lord Derby.

ander has been murdered instead of being allowed to die a natural death, and I must tell you two opinions of two following Mondays, given with due authority by a good neighbour here. First, in talking about the commercial panic, he declared that Cobbett was the sole cause of the mischief, and autocrat of the money market. Secondly, that Alexander *had certainly* been murdered, and that his murder *had been got up* by the Jews to depress the funds and disturb public credit! All his lucubrations seemed to end in the stocks, though, as you may suppose, one scarcely could see how they could ever reach them. I have not been out shooting more than once, and then found nothing. Mr.——, who has a good manor, enquired from H—— and myself about our sporting. We told him we had nothing to shoot. After delaying a few moments, as I fondly anticipated with the intention of fixing some particular day and particular manor for us, he exclaimed, “Can’t you find any snipes on Southampton common?” I had every inclination to offer him a walk over that interesting and game-abounding tract of country, and was very near being impertinent, had it not been for my mute and inviolable respect for office, &c. &c.

There is but little gossip to send you. Old

Mr. —— is to be married to young Miss —— immediately. The novel of Granby is on hand, and rather an heavy article. A couple of dinner parties have taken place. At the last Mr. Weld dined, who has just come from a large shooting party at sir Harry Featherstonehaugh's. It came, we heard, to an untimely end, from the duke of Gloucester severely injuring one of the Walpoles by shooting him in the face, before they had been out ten minutes. This royal carelessness is no joke. It is a point of etiquette, unless the damage is very severe, not to inform the high personage of the accident!!! So you have not even this consolation—not even royal sympathy, when so well deserving it. In fact the gentlemen, who are accomplished companions of his royal highness, pride themselves on not even *squeaking* when peppered by his shot. He is very good-natured, and it would vex him. I have heard very amusing accounts of his performances. He is a very bad shot, and so when he fires at a pheasant, a keeper immediately calls out, "Well shot, your royal highness," and emerges from the coppice with a bird in his hand, kept for that purpose in the bag at his side.

54—*From his Mother to F. T.*

Feb. 1826.

I AM reading Molière to the little party around me. His humour, easy gaiety and knowledge of the human heart are delightful. But one does not fear, love, admire, dislike his characters as one does those of Shakespear, to whom, even as a writer of comedy, he is very inferior—though I think him second to him, as an author, in this way. His representations of one class of characters are very perfect, but they want the little marks of individuality, which in Shakespear are super-added to their general portraiture, and give all his dramas such an air of reality and life.

When Providence gives talents for poetic composition, it is power. “Let any one make the laws of a country so that I may make its songs,” said a crafty politician. Our two best poets have not made the best use of their gifts. Scott has written almost wholly for the eye in his poems. His novels are mostly of a higher class, as novels, than his verse as poetry. Lord Byron always shows a love of nature, of liberty and of literature, but he has mingled so much gall in his ink, and thrown ridicule on much that is sacred. As a love of virtue makes some to be attracted even by

her semblance, and easily duped by hypocrisy, so this sentiment *inverted* in his mind often makes his hatred of hypocrisy give him a dislike to virtue. Happy is the man who uses the gift of poetry in promoting piety and its consequences—peace and goodwill towards man!

55.—*From F. T. to his Mother.*

Feb. 15, 1826.

THE subject for the Newdigate poem in English, and limited to fifty lines, is “Trajan’s Pillar.” On its being given out, a neat little duodecimo of about a dozen pages annually appears, containing all the most important facts and illustrations. You see how the *cramming* system is maintained amongst us. However, it is useful enough, and we are glad enough to use such help. The Pillar seems to have been connected with a magnificent range of structures, including a Palace, a gymnasium, a library, a triumphal arch, porticoes, &c.—altogether so grand as to cause despair in the mind of Constans of surpassing or equalling it.

56.—*From the same to the same.*

March, 1826.

THE Scholarship (Lloyd’s) was gained by

Dodson. General opinion had long before marked him out. He was second last year to Merivale, and had taken a first class, being a man of four years' standing. Very little news is to be picked out concerning those who fail. I believe that the method adopted is to write down judgments on each man's performance in each separate head, and then to add them up, so as to discover who has the most "very goods" spoilt by the fewest "bads" or "middlings." To have any chance of success, a man must practise composition in every way through the whole year, as many no doubt will do. Coplestone expressed great satisfaction at my having been a candidate, and was so far from thinking the time lost, he said it could not have been better spent. I hope to go in again next year, and shall of course make it the object in reading. It by no means withdraws a man from subjects connected with his final degree, but, on the contrary, helps him in the midst of them.

I suppose that the melancholy death to which you allude was that of —, but your informant was mistaken in saying that I was at a party in his company during the evening. This was a mistake, as I was not, nor had ever met him, or even knew him by sight.

He came to the rooms of a man of this college shortly before the accident, and then went into the town, where it happened. He had always been exceedingly bold on the water and on horseback, and never thought of danger, but met his death from this apparently most trivial cause. It may almost remind one of the end of the great African traveller, who died at last by falling down stairs in his own house, after being exposed to all the proverbial perils of the torrid zone.

57.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, April 28th, 1826.

I HAVE been engaged to-day in writing a college declamation on the odd subject of "ghosts;" i. e. whether belief in their existence was compatible with a well-regulated mind. It was my business to deny it. My antagonist was Charles Murray. He strengthened himself by the opinions of Johnson and Addison. I was very bold, and ventured to maintain that these opinions were mere flaws and eccentricities in those great men.

We had an excellent and very animated debate last night on the abolition of the slave-

trade. It was chiefly carried on among the superior speakers. Young Wilberforce took a distinguished part, and reprimanded one or two members, who had indulged in sneers against the motives of the abolitionists and the sufferings of the slaves. He did it briefly, but in such a manner as to shew that he could say more if he chose. Our next question is on the "Unpaid magistrates." Something, of course, may be made out against them; but after all, is there any better way of trying smaller causes? In all probability too, the responsibilities of station, of property, and freedom from all risk of bribery, more than compensate for the casual exercise of local interest, or display of casual ignorance. I should much like to hear what you think about it, and about the best references on the subject.

Monsieur A. is the lion of Oxford at this moment. I met him at a wine party this very evening, but in society he certainly did not shine. His chief powers, as he himself confesses, are grimace and ventriloquism. Being a Frenchman, he does not succeed in making English puns, or delivering those of others with the good grace of Mathews.

All those who have seen your copy of the Bodleian Mary queen of Scots admire it, and say that it is fully equal to any that

has been ever done. Indeed it ought to be done well, as the copyist is always at it from one end of the year to the other. Yours is in oils, as large as the original, and in a fac-simile frame. I hope soon to forward it.

58.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, May 28, 1826.

THE Newdigate prize has been gained by Mr. Tireman, of Wadham. There were one hundred and six candidates, so that you may conclude verse-making is not deficient among us, whether poetry may be or not.

I am at present engaged in Aristotle's treatise on that subject, viz. poetry, and like it very much. He supplies accurate information on the principles of the art; also for its introduction on the stage. . . . Our collections will be over in the course of a fortnight, when we leave Oxford for the long vacation. The place has been in a state of uninterrupted tranquillity during the whole of these two terms. No riots, expulsions, or rustications to excite the outer world, or rouse contradictory letters *on facts* in the papers. There were great *fears*, a few Sundays ago, among the dons, and great *hopes* among us juniors, that Dr. Tatham, the head

of Lincoln College, would insist upon his right of preaching the University sermon. The dons had learnt, by experience, to dread him. On the last occasion he gave them a thorough scolding for idleness, slavery to minute forms, want of all true zeal in the cause of religion, &c., &c. He was then in his eightieth year. He is now ninety, and boasts that he will attack them again before he dies. Some said it was all dotage, but the language was throughout most effective in every way. It made a great sensation here, where the usual style of discourse is a minute discussion on the various readings of some phrase, which is twisted, and turned, and criticized abundantly. And then the sermon ends, and you leave the church no better than you enter, except for a bit of scholarship, from the sermon. Dr. Shuttleworth's* sermon, of this day, was a brilliant exception. He is one of the most pious men in Oxford, and, at the same time, a man of the most accomplished scholarship and refinement, so that he is much liked and valued generally. R—, the other day, wrote me a letter on the Trinity examination at Cambridge. It seems to be upon a very good system. His numbers on the day of classical translation, &c.,

* Afterwards Bishop of Chichester.

were very large, and quite proportionate to those necessary for the first class. Thornton talked of coming down here for a day or two. I wrote to him last week, but have not heard from him since ; perhaps his mathematical duties will detain him, but in case of your seeing him in London, whither I know he now and then makes a trip, pray encourage him to come, and tell him that I will try to prove a good showman for all worth seeing.

Oxford now looks very beautiful, from the richness of the trees interspersed among the buildings, and the avenue in Christ Church provides a walk of the most perfect shade in the heat. A whisper has been circulated that it is the intention of that college to appropriate the whole meadow to themselves, and exclude all other comers ; but if there is any virtue in established custom of some hundred years, this must be a mere dream.

Boat-races go on now twice a-week. They are very popular, and are the only trial of bodily activity and enterprise which excites much enthusiasm. Most of the colleges have their long boat, or eight-oar, which starts at seven in the evening to row two miles with the utmost speed. The men are encouraged in their exertions by large bodies of their

own particular college, who run along the side of the river with loud cheers. And really they *want* encouragement, for the labour is very great, and some of the men, who really have *pluck* to exert themselves to the utmost are obliged to be carried from the boats at the end of the contest, spite of all their training. . . . I will write again in a day or two.

59.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, June 1, 1826.

I SEND you one of the one hundred and seven Newdigate compositions which have been rained on the unfortunate Poetry Professor during the week. You will guess the author without my acknowledgment. One or two allusions are made to different circumstances, which may be a little obscure, viz. to that of the Dacian women burning their prisoners, which is so represented upon the column. The people too, whom Trajan had conquered, were predestinarians, who thought the same as the Mahometans of a death gained in battle. A remarkable instance also of their savage spirit is recorded in Herodotus, whose words are, “They fire their arrows at the thunder and lightning, menacing and threatening the god.”

The Pillar of Trajan.

Untouched mid thunders of a thousand years,
Mid Vandal havoc and thy country's tears,
Though palace, tower, and temple round thee fall,
Majestic column, thou survivest all !
Their crumbling relics Time has borne away—
Thy sacred marble still reflects the day :
Still sweep the breezes round thy giant height,
Still ages only touch thee in their flight.
And thou shalt prove in centuries yet to come
What art can do against Oblivion's doom.

No * idle conquest swelled the joyful note ;
No tyrant mockery bade the banners float :
No accents mingled with contempt and fear
In feigned applause discordant struck the ear,
When Rome beheld her cherished Hero's prize
In lonely grandeur cleave the azure skies.

Mark well the deeds that on the pillar graved
Tell soft Italians what their sires have braved.
Here the dark forest and the crowded glen
In savage myriads pour the tide of men :
† Flames blaze aloft : infernal yells arise,
And female orgies drown their victims' cries.
There in slow pace the Legions undismayed
Toss the light crest and grasp the trusty blade—
From cave or fountain rouse the Dacian brood,
And scare her champions to the trackless wood :

* As in the case of Caligula.

† The Dacian women are represented burning their prisoners.

* What though, by fate undaunted, they descried
 Immortal blessings in the purple tide :
 What though † they raged against the troubled air,
 And dashed their lances at the lightning's glare—
 Such haughty spirits seemed but framed to grace
 And swell the annals of Rome's mighty race.

Leave scenes of carnage : view the marshall'd band
 In glad procession tread the conquered land :
 While Victory, beaming with celestial ray,
 Graves on her shield a record of the day.

A noble image once appeared to smile
 O'er his fair country from the stately pile :
 And hath *he* vanished—*he*, whose magic name
 Wakes each heroic—each more gentle flame ?
 Yes—though bright honours mantled Trajan's brow,
 A nobler form ‡ is elevated now :
 In vain the gaudy standards were unfurled
 O'er the far confines of the peopled world :
 Yet not in vain the Martyr died to prove
 The boundless treasures of his Maker's love :
 For him let tears of grateful homage flow,
 Whose valiant labours conquered sin and woe ;
 Nor admiration ever cease to scan
 The peaceful Christian in the dauntless man.

* Gibbon observes upon the Dacians, vol. i. p. 6 : “ To the strength and fierceness of barbarians they added a contempt of life, which was derived from a warm persuasion of the immortality and transmigration of the soul.”

† The words of Herodotus, in speaking of these people, are as follows : *Καὶ πρὸς βροντὴν τε καὶ ἀστραπὴν τοξέοντες ἄνω πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἀπειλῶσι τῷ Θεῷ.*

‡ The Pillar is now crowned by the statue of St. Peter.

60.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, July 6, 1826.

WHAT do you think of the subjects for the Oxford prize poems for the ensuing year—viz., Mexico and Pompeii—the latter for English verse, and unlimited as to number of lines? This is a great point gained over the old hereditary absurdity of limiting the number to fifty lines—neither more nor less. This was just too long for anything epigrammatic, and too short for any poem, suited to the subjects which were annually given out. There was a constant flow of ridicule against this regulation, and those in authority have at last yielded the point, with every hope that the productions henceforth will be far superior. I, for one, most confidently expect it.

I wish there was a prospect of a change in another matter. I refer to the treatment of the Debating Society. The dons still persecute, or, at least, discourage us, and will not allow us to meet in any room, permanently occupied for the purpose of the institution. The society affords us inducement to examine many questions of history, policy, and literature, and leads men to express themselves on such topics; not a bad thing for

them, considering the difficulty in so doing which many feel, even when they know very well what they have to speak on. The difficulty lies in telling it to others. If our Society can in any way promote a good object like this, it must do incalculable service, and it is all nonsense to say that men's academical studies will be interrupted by it.

Among other invitations which I have received for Christmas is one from Agar Robartes, to visit him in Cornwall. The distance is rather alarming; but it is to an old friend, and there are copper-mines, woodcocks, a fine old place, and curious library of books. I should like to see the old romantic Lanhydrock*.

* It is of this place that the interesting article on Cornwall, 'Quarterly Review,' No. 204, Art. 1, speaks thus:—"Farther in the interior of the county, and out of the way of tourists, lies the beautiful and perfectly preserved house of Lanhydrock, built by the first Robartes Lord Rådnor in 1636-1641, as the inscriptions testify, but wearing a far older appearance; for, no doubt, novelties in architecture travelled slowly into the West in those times. Cotele has been maintained by reverential care, Lanhydrock by a fortunate neglect; for until the time of the present possessor no one seems to have cared to meddle with its gray walls or its primitive decorations and furniture. It stands almost untouched, as if it had been buried alive since the days of the Puritans, whose head-quarters it formed during the campaign of 1644 in the civil war. Lord Robartes, its builder, was a stanch

61.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, 16 October, 1826.

THE greater part of the collegiate bodies arrived yesterday, and the streets were haunted with a profusion of staring freshmen with a kind of puzzled look. Some of them were peripatetic proofs that novelty does not always constitute felicity—at least so far as I could judge from their looks. Indeed, the first few days are not very captivating, unless you are provided with a trusty friend, and he must be of your own college to be

Presbyterian ; and the library collected by himself and his chaplain—one Hannibal Gammon—stands on the old shelves of the long gallery as if its Roundhead purchasers had been using it only yesterday—rare old tomes of scholastic divinity and philosophy, mingled with the controversial tracts of the day, and acts and proclamations of the Long Parliament uncut from the press—a large part seasoned with many a bitter MS. marginal note against prelacy and popery. An avenue of old sycamores, now decaying, leads from the beautiful insulated portal in front of the house across the park. That avenue was planted under orders sent by Lord Robartes from London, when he had become Conservative, and had been clapped by Oliver Cromwell into the Gatehouse, just two centuries ago. Except the house of the Pophams at Littlecote (where the identical swords and steel caps of Cromwell's Ironsides hang round the hall), we know no spot which so vividly brings back the memories of the Great Rebellion, so peculiarly attractive to the English mind."

very serviceable. Otherwise, one is perpetually kept in hot water, from the fear of being guilty of some un-academical look, word, or action. I can't forget appearing in chapel the first morning in the magpie apparel of black-silk gown over a white great-coat, and this without the slightest intention of any eccentricity.

I met uncle and aunt Ashtown on my ride down. They were stopping to feed their horses in a poor little inn at Ilsley, one of those antediluvian villages, which seem to have dropped from the clouds into a hole or slit of the downs, and never to have been thought more about, or have had any one of their buildings touched ever since by the hand of man. The family of the G——s passed through Oxford the other day—two carriages and several horses—in all their usual magnificence. Did you meet F—— in London? You could have hardly avoided meeting in the present depopulation of the streets, when, perhaps, there is nobody there excepting Mr. W——, Mr. A. E——, and a few others of that species of the human race, which seems quite uncomfortable if beyond the sound of the twopenny postman's bell.

Perhaps you would ask my father to be so good as to see or inquire whether my

name is down for the Athenæum. If not, I should much like it. Lord C—— offered to do me this favour last year, but he was so unwell, that I am afraid he did not go there once during the whole spring.

62.—*From the same to the same.*

October 30, 1826.

THE day after you left me I was suddenly struck with the sense of my stupidity in never having been within the walls of the Bodleian Library, which is not two hundred yards from my room. When you were here, I evaded the confession of this piece of imbecility, but now I have two salves for my conscience—first, this confession of former apathy; secondly, the fact that I have now visited it, and seen something of its various contents.

Besides books, there are a good many pictures in the gallery, but the collection is by no means first-rate. The School of Athens, by Julio Romano, represents a gathering of Greek philosophers, among whom the complimentary painter introduces the portraits of some of the petty Italian princes of his day. Among the most attractive objects are models of the most celebrated temples of an-

tiquity. Among those *least* attractive is a painting of the body of a young lady, represented as dug from the grave, and covered with worms all busy on her remains. It is said that a young and very dissipated lady of much beauty was once changed in her spirit, and became a religious woman, in consequence of seeing this hideous picture.

The “guilt or innocence of Mary queen of Scots” is the subject for the next meeting of the debating society. A warm debate is sure to ensue between the respective partizans of her and Elizabeth; and the two ladies, especially the former, are amply provided with devoted champions.

While I was at Cheltenham there was a meeting to promote Christianity among the Jews, and uncle Ashtown was invited to take the chair, but he could not do it. A turbulent man, of Socinian principles, rose unexpectedly and opposed the designs of the meeting with much ill-temper and violence, but little or no argument. However, it had not a bad effect on the collection, which was reckoned an extremely good one, viz., £61 10s. There were some excellent speeches, and, upon the whole, I thought there was more eloquence than at any meeting which I ever attended in my life.

63.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Nov. 1826.

F—— has paid me a visit, and only left this yesterday. We had a great deal of talk on the comparative state of his university and this. We were struck with the extreme difference in the two systems, pursued at each respectively, e. g. as to discipline. At Cambridge scarcely any pursuit or study seems definitely regulated. *Here* the most trivial and special is strictly ruled and marked out. *There* the man of ability is more known and tried, while those who are idle and dissipated seem to be allowed to follow their own devices. *Here* it is quite otherwise. In one thing they seem to have an evident advantage over us, towards the encouragement of reading and study. I refer to the various prizes and repeated classifications according to merit going on from the earliest to the latest stages of the collegiate course. Here there is nothing of the kind*. We agreed that the Cambridge code of liberty, and the Oxford code of restrictino, might well be intermixed or shaken together in a bag. I wish that I shared in F—'s knowledge of French. It seems to have given him quite a new source of literary in-

* All is now different, and this quite *of the past*. 1861.

terest. It is no trifle to have the learning of that difficult language before one. At present I can read it but little, and cannot speak one single sentence correctly.

64.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Ap. 26.

MY time has been much occupied with several lectures and a declamation upon the subject of the Greek chorus, to do which latter properly would have required far more time than I have been able to give to it, as it would have repaid one's trouble to have consulted Mason and Cumberland, but I am obliged to content myself with a few pages on the subject in the beautiful article upon Milton in the Edinburgh, which is much talked of and admired here, although written in a style quite contrary to the general principles, or politics, which prevail in the university. A publication most gratifying to their taste arrived yesterday, and I have been reading the second number this morning, e. g. The Representative*. It appears to me to excel other papers in nothing but a few feet more of leading article, which lays down colonization as the only resource for Ireland. The report

* It proved a short-lived publication.

is, that Mr. Murray has laid out from 10 to £15,000 in setting up the paper, and it is expected by some to be a great Tory wonder.

C—'s visit was a great pleasure to me, and I hope will not preclude another, in case of his being inclined to see the various lions—such as college gardens, statues, painted glass, Arundelian marbles, the various chapels, Christ Church hall and kitchen, Mary queen of Scots' portrait, &c. &c. Here is a medley of sights, but I have not mentioned a tithe. Oxford is very rich in this way.

We are losing our junior tutor, Mr. Jelf, a man of the kindest and most amiable character. Sometimes, in his compassion, (pushed, as you will say perhaps, rather to the extreme,) he would so modify the sense of an erroneous answer at Lectures, as to turn a blunder or mistake into an answer of at least admissibility. He is appointed to an interesting and useful position, that of governor to prince George of Cumberland.

65.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, April, 1826.

WE have just been subscribing to present a snuffbox to Jelf, lately one of our Oriel tutors, and now going out to the king of Hanover, as chaplain and governor to the

Prince. A man in London, to whose taste the choice was committed, has much amused us by sending down, for our approbation, an article of the kind from Rundell and Bridges, with G. R. and a crown in it. What possible allusion this could have either to Jelf or to us we could not comprehend, and suppose it was sent down simply because R. and B. had a good stock of such things, presented by sundry G. R.'s (George Rex) to sundry diplomatists or others, and wished to get this one off his hands. But we were not such silly birds as to be caught with chaff like this, or to stultify ourselves by presenting such an article to our worthy tutor. We sent it back at once in hopes of obtaining something a little more appropriate and *special* in its character.

66.—*From the same to the same.*

May 14th, 1826.

WE have at this present moment three days' vacation, but nobody is allowed to leave Oxford—indeed the junction of these two terms does not make any very long period, as the ensuing one will be over in about a month. I am anxious to know how long you will remain in town, because I have so much business on my hands, and such a number of books

to read, if I wish to give myself the least chance of success in a first class, that any long period spent there would be very undesirable. All say that if the second long vacation is not spent in reading with some diligence and spirit, your hope of doing any thing in the schools is gone, inevitably and for ever. Those who succeed in getting this honour are becoming more and more rare. There are not more than four or five from the whole university each term ; but numbers make the attempt. Although our college has obtained such credit, I am sorry to say it has not got a classical first during these last three years.

Several men went up to town for the ball in behalf of the distressed silk weavers. They brought back an account of it as a very splendid affair. I hope you were there, and that English manufactured waistcoats had appeared instead of the fiery Pandemonium colours of French silk, which lately caused so much wonder as to what would come next. Macaulay's beautiful article in the Edinburgh Review on the London University has been much talked of here. His attempt to dethrone the Latin language is very audacious, but he tries to win the mind of the scholar in favour of his attack, by professing an unbiassed love of Greek. His easy-going irony against *the*

real universities proves nothing, although most entertaining.

What was it that caused our good relative's name to be brought forward so stupidly in the Age ? a dearth of incident, I suppose.

The successful claimants for the prize poems will be announced in about a fortnight. Milman, the Professor of Poetry, is to be the judge. His new poem, *Ann Boleyn*, is, as you may suppose, very anti-romish.

I hope R— has been writing for some of the various college and university prizes which distinguish Trinity and indeed Cambridge generally. There must be with us here a defect in having only one reward or honour to contend for, and that at the end of three years—one scholarship and the annual prize poems excepted.

— is still a sedulous follower of Isaac Walton, but I have not yet been favoured with a sight of any poetry or pastoral effusions of his muse, such as befit that pursuit. A— opens a question in the debating society next Thursday. What would my father think of my having a private tutor now ? You pay them about twelve pounds a term, and you are not bound to continue them more than one. They put you in the way of what is useful to read, help you to write Greek and

Latin, and are extremely useful in “keeping you together” in what you learn. A new tutor has just come into our college, of great credit for scholarship, of whom I will tell you more, if he would desire me to have one.

67.—*From the same to the same.*

No date.

I HAVE lit, among the leaves of my blotting-book, on a little sketch, which I took one day in the Schools—i. e. the place where the men are examined for degrees, &c. Perhaps it will amuse you, though I fear that it will not raise your estimation of these proceedings. I would not wish you to think that nothing better goes on there, but it is much to be regretted that anything of the kind here presented should *ever* occur. Be assured that it is all genuine and no caricature.

Scene—the “Schools”—by which name is meant an apartment about the size of a large dining-room. In the middle a table covered with Greek and Latin authors, and various other books. On one side are seated six examiners, in academical robes, with their caps on, and with general easy bearing and demeanour. On the other six candidates for degrees, in gowns, scarfs, white neckcloths,

weepers, &c., &c. N. B.—Any omission in dress is sure to be visited with immediate condemnation.

The first on the list is a man of sallow and sickly countenance, rather underbred in his manners, and evidently with much nervous timidity in going through the ordeal. The Greek Testament is handed to him. He begins to read, but is rather suddenly interrupted by the logical Mr. —, of —, who looks him in the face, and addresses him thus : “ What Gospel’s that you’ve got ? ” “ St. Matthew’s, sir.” “ How do you know it ? ” The young man was mute. “ Go on, sir.” After the termination of the passage, the student was examined in divinity. That is, he was required to quote a few texts, and to explain a few technical terms of religion ; but on being unable to recollect and produce extempore a verse in the Bible to prove the existence of original sin, he is turned out of the schools and *plucked*—a word easily written or pronounced, but a most serious misfortune to the sufferer.

The next candidate is summoned to rise. His divinity is gone through successfully. He is then called upon to construe a passage in Herodotus. Suddenly interrupted—“ δέ γε, sir ; give the full force to each of those

words." This is done. The book is closed, and the history examination commences. "What comes in the seventy-ninth chapter of the second book of Herodotus?" A pause. "Don't you know that? It's about the crocodile. Which jaw does he move?" A pause. "Don't you know that, sir? Then tell me the three wrong reasons Herodotus gives for the Nile overflowing in summer." "I forget them, sir, but I can tell the right one." "I don't want the right one; I want the wrong ones." Serious looks are passing among the examiners. One more chance given. "How many miles is it from the village Agnostè to the village Aneureté?" "Seven miles." "No, sir." "Eight miles and a half." "Worse again, sir, it is seven miles and a half;" and the examiner sits down with an air of triumph at being able to correct the important difference from a piece of paper on which he has previously copied it out, and which he attempts to hide under his gown*.

* All this may seem strange indeed, but the eccentricity of the examination (to use the mildest term) is not exaggerated in the smallest degree. When the editor himself was under examination for a first class, he was put on in Herodotus, at one of the chapters in the middle of one of his long rambling stories, which are not less amusing than, at times, unconnected with the historic narrative, except by most trivial links. After he had construed the chapter

The next book given is Pindar. When the glorious poetry of the first Pythian is just beginning to warm up the spirit of the same student who had undergone this obnoxious ordeal, a noble strophe is suddenly interrupted: "What is the logical fault of that proposition? Tell me the major term, major premiss, copulative, predicate; give it to me categorically, hypothetically; and tell me the physical definition of Typhon. Make haste, sir."

This was too much for me to bear any longer. I got up, and marched out of the room, with that sort of indignant tread which one sometimes cannot help, when one's wrath gets down from the brain into the shoes. The examiners looked at me simultaneously, but I was soon on the outside pavement, and happy to be clear away from the sound of their caprices. I ventured to think that the timid should have been encouraged, the industrious and meritorious drawn out with sympathy, and all treated with the utmost courtesy which one gentleman would use to another*.

without interruption, the examiner sharply exclaimed: "Shut your book, sir, and connect that passage with the past and future history of your author!!!"

* I have no doubt that all this is now completely changed. 1861.

68.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, 1826.

WE have lately lost two great Oxonian dignitaries — first, old Collinson, head of Queen's, and father of Oxford ; secondly, the bishop of the diocese, a good and very worthy
* man, who departed at four o'clock this morning. It happened that the man who is expected to succeed him preached the University sermon this morning. I heard him, and it was a very good one, uniting learned disquisition with spiritual admonition. The latter point is too often forgot by dons and dignitaries here. Some say that Coplestone will have the vacant bishopric.

I have made acquaintance with Mr. Blanco White, who is chosen an honorary member of our college, and dines regularly at our table. He is a remarkable man, and has gone through some peculiar experiences and changes in a religious point of view. He is of a Waterford family, of which all the members before him have been extremely attached to Catholicism. The present man went over to Spain, and was appointed private chaplain and confessor to the king of that country, and he is deeply read in all the mysteries of the Romish church. Afterwards he took a distaste to that religion, came over to England twelve

years ago, studied Protestantism “*ab ovo usque ad mala*,” and is now as staunch in defending our tenets as he is severe in condemning those of his former creed. He speaks with a strong foreign accent. You can have no idea of his adoration for Oxford, as the nurse and protectress of orthodoxy. He has a soft, pleasing, courtier-like manner, and his style of writing is particularly good.

69.—*From the same to the same.*

Feb. 1, 1827.

AMONG other things, I am at present occupied with the thirty-nine articles, and attend a lecture on them given by one of our tutors, who is reckoned equal in divinity to any one in Oxford. Tomline's Annotations are the authority on the subject most respected here. I have not gone deep enough into them to form any opinion. Also I have read the Gospels and Acts in Greek, with an interleaved copy, so that I might observe any differences between the real meaning of the original and the apparent meaning of our English translation. Of this, no doubt, there are many instances, notwithstanding the excellency and beauty of our translation. In no case has it appeared to me perverted

to favour any peculiar doctrine, as was sadly the case in all versions preceding that of 1611, which is now in use ; but many texts come out additionally plain from the Greek, and I dare say it will be still more the case in the Epistles and Revelation.

May I take this opportunity of asking whether you and my father would have any objection to my going into orders, and undertaking the profession of a clergyman, in case of any strong inclination towards that line of life arising in my mind at any future time *.

* This brief inquiry led to a full and most profitable answer on the subject of the clerical profession and life. The editor remembers its reception, but unfortunately, with some other of the latest letters from the same beloved hand, it was lost by an accident, in itself unavoidable, and for which there was no subsequent help. A deeper interest has arisen on this subject, in consequence of the following words having been found to be (as believed) the very last entry in the journals of the gifted writer. She copies out the sentence of inquiry, and then adds :

“I have not time to copy my answer, which, of course, leaving him full liberty, rather expressed pleasure in his views, though with great apprehension of making him suppose that he had taken a resolution, even in his own mind, on the subject.”

Clearly did the writer of the letter and of this passage see, with all maternal quickness, added to her own power

70.—*From F. T. to his Father.*

Oriel Coll. Oxford, Feb. 21, 1827.

I AM very much obliged to you for your letter, and though it contained such melancholy news of increased ailments, I feel far more comfortable than if I had had none at all, as my mother's letter*, which I received this day week, was evidently written in great illness, though perfectly in her usual style of beauty and affection. Unfortunately it occupies two days for a letter between this and Bursledon. Therefore I must remain in suspense till Wednesday for the letter which you said should be dispatched to-day. She concluded with saying she had much to add in a day or two, and accordingly I beg for the first line which she can write without discomfort, and pray present and support my suit. She seemed to imagine that I had thought more on the subject which I mentioned than really was the

of sympathy, that much more was contained in such a sentence, on such a subject, than the brevity and simplicity of the communication might at first suggest. She answered it accordingly with all fulness, seriousness, consideration and love.

* It was her last. After a long and painful illness, she died, to the irreparable loss of her family, May 27, 1827. The change of address in future letters will thus be explained. See note on the previous letter.

case, but certainly shewed her customary discernment by presenting to me the real reason which appeared to me most inducive for saying the little I did, "that of the path of duty being more easy in that profession than in any other, by being more clearly defined." I use her exact words—I do not in the least contemplate an entrance into such a life with the eye of romance or blind admiration, and am quite convinced that a man *may* be just as good in any other profession or occupation, though it does not appear to me so probable that he *will*. While I say this, I am convinced that the opposite argument might be sustained with much reason and chance of success, but my present ideas are firm to what I just observed. Again, I must beg leave to say that in case an anxiety for the church was to come on, I should look on it in a far other light than of a sacrifice—it would far more likely be a gratification to the most complete extent of my own wishes and prospect of pleasure. To know what I am answering, you will need to have my dear mother's letter before you. You may be quite sure that I would not communicate my feelings and opinions in such a matter as this to any one but yourself, and am much obliged for your kind assurance that my wish would be yours on the subject of a profession.

If I was to write any more, it would be but a recurrence to the distressing subject with which I began, and therefore I beg you will give my best love to my dearest mother, and earnest hopes for her welfare and recovery.

71.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, June 11, 1827.

I AM now safely reinstated in my college rooms. Now and then periods of melancholy at our deep loss will recur, but I endeavour to resume the customary pursuits of the place. I trust that it is the same with you. May I ask whether you have yet decided on the inscription? A few lines in the Prisoner of Chillon struck me the other day as very applicable to *her* character—

“Pure and bright,
And in her natural spirit gay—
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless she could assuage the woe,
Which she abhorr'd to see below.”

Yes, “*abhorred*.” We remember her efforts in behalf of the suffering slaves, the suffering sweep chimney boys, the suffering Irish, boys and children suffering from any cruel treatment, boys killed in school fights, and others without end, wherein there was woe, among

rich or poor, young or old, at home or in any quarter of the earth*.

72.—*From the same to the same.*

Heron Court, Christ Church, Oct. 16, 1827.

MONTAGU Parker and I arrived here last Saturday. The party consists of the earl, who scarcely ever leaves this place except for parliament, our Oriel friend, and his younger brother, Mr. Huntley, a very popular and friendly man, who is Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and colonel Bowles. Shooting in the day, and chat or reading in the evening, go on with much spirit, and the large sitting-room is filled with one of the most interesting libraries which I have ever seen. Its merit consists in its variety and completeness, from its having been formed by three men of distinction, one after another—a most rare family succession. The first was Harris, the well-known philosopher. Then came the diplomatist, then the present owner, who seems to read everything. He has been very kind to me, and shews quite a pleasure in pointing

* Those only who knew about her daily life, or were acquainted with her manifold writings in behalf of all causes of humanity, can possibly tell how deeply these and all similar subjects had touched her heart, raised her pleading voice, and exercised her gifted pen.

out to me the many and distinguishing excellencies of the books. The library is rich in Greek and Latin classics, and in fine editions of all the best French works.

I am much obliged to you for your letter from London on the way to Ireland, and hope that you have not suffered at all from your journey.

I shot yesterday, as usual, most hopelessly, but was not the less amused, having long accustomed myself to complete failure in the science. In one respect the gamekeepers have reason to be satisfied with me, as I don't even wound or touch their birds. The game is abundant, and of all sorts, and the wildness of the country is to me very attractive. Black cock and wild duck are in abundance. I have the morning to myself in the library, and enjoy it no less than the shooting. It is a happy thing to have two or three strings to our bow.

Mr. Peel is expected here to-morrow from Mr. Baring's, and there will be a grand day's shooting accordingly.

73.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, October 25, 1827.

WE left Heron Court after a pleasant week

and most friendly reception. Fitzharris, Huntley, Parker, and I occupied the coach to Oxford, where an excellent dinner had been ordered for us at All Souls'. I mentioned in my last that Mr. H. was a fellow of that comfortable establishment, and he was our host. All was provided for us with the proverbial taste of that institution.

I have been credibly informed that there is every prospect of R —— having his dramatic efforts crowned with success in the representation of his tragedy. If so, he will have laid a kind of foundation stone, such as no similar writers have been able to do for many years past. The difficulty of producing a good tragedy seems of late to have been an achievement similar to attempts at squaring the circle or successful alchemy. If R —— succeeds, it will indeed be a triumph. If he fails, it will only be in accordance with all recent aspirants in the same way. I trust that his efforts will prosper, and many will rejoice with him if they do.

Mr. Peel did not remain long at Heron Court, but I was glad to have an opportunity of meeting him in private. He was rather silent and reserved, but not at all an inattentive listener. He seemed to like this much better than talking himself. On no subject

did he seem more to brighten up than on old books and editions, to which I happened to make some allusion after dinner. This led him to converse with me for some time on the subject, and you know I am comparatively fresh from such studies, having spent two or three years ago full as much time as I ought, if not more, on Bibliography and Dibdinism. Mr. Peel told us some stories with considerable spirit—one or two good ones connected with shooting, which I will tell you when we meet. He was carefully and accurately dressed, and is of a strong built frame, with a very abundant head of hair, of rather light colour. Ninety-two head of game were killed by lord Malmesbury, Mr. Peel, and another, who made the senior shooting party of the day. Our host spoke kindly of you, and told me that he had the “pleasure of acquaintance with both my parents.” Considering how recent the loss of my dear mother, there was a delicacy of feeling in putting it thus—in not naming her by herself.

I am glad to be once more among my old college books and studies ; and the oaken door is frequently closed against all noisy intruders who would come to disturb the firm of Aristotle, Pindar, and Co. Many of my

contemporaries have already left college, and others are soon to depart. I have much reason to be thankful for considerable happiness in the place, and only wish that I had made better use of my time. If I had, coming up as I did very fairly grounded and prepared, in all probability I should have obtained a first class. As it is, in all probability I shall not, though still intending to attempt it. Altogether, if asked for which place I had the most regard, Harrow or Oxford, I must, in truth, give my preference to the former. Still, however, Oxford will always be remembered by me with intense interest. Trusting to be with you soon, I am, &c. &c.

74.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Oct. 19, 1827.

I AM very anxious to hear how you have been since your serious attack of illness in London, and how you have borne your Irish travelling, including the somewhat airy and too well ventilated post-chaises of that land. Pray remember me very kindly to all my relations there. I very much wish to see some of them, and only regret that hitherto it has been so little in my power, however desirous I may have been. I have been al-

ways, you know, rather busy one way or another ; and when one once gets into this habit, I suppose it will always continue. You have often said that having nothing to do does not agree with me, and I suppose it is true ; so if work is not cut out for me, I am apt to cut it out for myself.

Yesterday I resigned my office of treasurer to the debating society. I am glad to have fulfilled it, as it only occupied about an hour a week, and is a creditable function. The institution is going on prosperously, but its new condition, though preferable in many points, is not very advantageous to its oratorical department. Formerly, speaking was everything. Now it only occupies a department of the general interest, as the formation of a library and perusal of numerous publications afford new inducements to membership. Still, however, many reasons ought to make us thankful for the “local habitation” having been at last granted in addition to the “name.”

Oxford is, at present, in no little excitement. The origin of it is the election of fellows at All Souls' College. Twenty-four candidates and only four vacancies. From Oriel, Murray, Macdonald, and Hornby are among the candidates. From Christ Church, appear

on the lists, William Ashley and young Talbot, two scions of illustrious houses—and the former has the decoration of M. P. to his name, no slight attraction, I should imagine, in that abode of fashion, dignified retirement, French wines, whist, and social merit of every description.

It is quite certain that men are qualified and tested too for entrance into this college rather by their capacities as good members of society than by their abilities in scholarship of any kind. No All Souls' man of any sincerity would deny or question this. Were old Chichele, the founder of this noble institution, to rise up from his grave, he would hardly know himself among such high company. Though afterwards an archbishop, his own origin was by no means lofty, and as patron of learning, the first thing which he might feel inclined to do would be to eject some of these very pleasant, very honourable* men into the neighbouring High Street, saying, "*Tempus abire tibi est*," and to put in their place some truly hard students instead.

* Three honourables and a baronet's son were at this time chosen—personally, superior and most excellent men. The remarks are on the system, not on the individuals. The changes and the alterations of the last few years are well known to all. 1861.

75.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel, Nov. 7, 1827.

YOUR letter reached me this morning. I am thankful to hear that you have been "sent safe home" (according to the somewhat ominous wish so often met with on Irish highways), after all your journeys on the sister land.

I have just written to R——, inviting him, with any one whom he might bring from among his literary and *oratorical* friends in Cambridge, to come down here and address *our house* on the stirring subject of the Greek cause, which is to come before us in our Debating Society next Thursday. If they should come, as I hope they will, I will shew them all proper civilities, and introduce them to some of their own ways and books in literature. There are a few, but no great number, of such characters to be found here—the general studies being confined to the Greek and Latin classics only. This is very proper for those who only stay here for their degree, or more permanently for tutorial purposes, but it is really quite a problem to me as yet unsolved, that among the number who dwell here a great part of the year, and wear learning's garb of scarf, gown, and hood, "black,

white, and grey," (I will not venture to finish Shakspeare's line,) there should not be more poets, authors—in a word, men of general literature, and pursuing it for its own sake as their best reward. These are few and far between.

76.—*From the same to the same.*

Nov. 1827.

WE have just had the good news that our worthy and able Provost has been appointed to the vacant bishoprick of Llandaff. He is a very conscientious man, and, I am sure, will take pains in his office, but his health is not strong, and he is rather of a nervous temperament. However, it is thought generally that he will be what is called an "ornament to the bench" from his learning and general character. He certainly has had a considerable influence in the college, though without much apparent interference in proceedings. And somehow or other he seems to command great admiration from all subordinates and those who have to do with him. This, I suppose, is a good qualification for a bishop. The dons of every degree are flocking into our precincts with their good wishes and congratulations. Parker, who is a De-

vonshire man, and is a friend of his from kindred locality, is very entertaining with his imitation of his manner and expressions under the new honors, with which he is invested.

I believe you have been deluged with rain in Ireland, but it would be difficult to meet with worse weather than we have experienced here in Oxford, which seems at the present moment helplessly and inextricably in all sorts of mists and exhalations. I do not merely mention this *à l'Anglais* in conversation, merely from want of something to say, but to account for my colds, coughs, &c., all through the term, and to prevent you from having any uneasiness about them. When the weather improves, I have no doubt that they will all flee away with the returning sun.

At present I am chiefly employed on Livy. He is a very interesting author, notwithstanding a few absurdities, for which he has been too much blamed and ridiculed. I know that Tacitus is your favourite Latin historian, but I must stand up for Livy also. People should recollect that some among his strange hallucinations were only those which were commonly current in his day, e. g. We do not now agree with him in undervaluing every thing else com-

paratively with military prowess and performance, but almost everybody shared in this feeling at Rome in Livy's age, and naturally enough he reflected the general opinion of his countrymen.

In about ten days more I shall have brought to a conclusion my course of reading towards a first class; and then I shall begin to read them again all through, quickly, of course, and without dwelling too long on special passages. The course of books requisite is somewhat large and appalling, and I have not shrunk from those which are the most difficult, e. g. adding Pindar and Aristophanes to my list. I have, however, but little anticipation of success. Few can obtain this "blue ribbon" of University success. In our college it has been, of late, almost unknown. At all events, one good thing is that, although one may not get public applause, still a failure will not strip one of the knowledge and remembrances gained by the course of reading needful in such an attempt as that at a first class. Some pretend to despise a second, but I don't believe many do so in reality.

77.—*From the same to the same.*

Whiteway, Chudleigh, Dec. 1827.

YOUR letter from Bursledon has just reached me. It gives me great pain to hear that you consider my dear brother W— in such an anxious state. Pray let me know the exact state of the case. You know at my time of life it is proverbially difficult to realize danger. I thought him very worn and thin when I last saw him. I shall very soon be with you to help in nursing him, and shall shorten my two visits to the far west as much as I possibly can. If any thing should happen to him it would take a large amount out of all our happiness*. These thoughts are melancholy, but I need not conceal them.

Your safe return home very much gratified me, specially as there were furious storms in the Irish Channel just about the period of your having to cross it.

I am greatly charmed with this my first visit† to Devonshire—this land of hill and dale,

* The anticipation was only too soon and too fatally realized.

† The editor was now the guest of a beloved friend, with whom he was intimately and uninterruptedly associated during his whole college-life. He alludes to Montagu Newcome Parker, a man in whose spirit and demeanour there was one of the most remarkable combinations of gen-

rock and river, hanging coppice and hollow lane. I will give you a sketch of our party when we meet. The household is that of a true English country squire; and what can one say more in praise?

The residence is a large building of brick, mellowed by time in its colour and tone, situated in the midst of fine sloping hills. Even in winter the views are very beautiful. Ascending to a point not far distant from the house, a very fine expanse of scenery is before you, enclosing a broad and extensive valley, which forms the estuary of the Ex, bounded by broad woods and high heathery cliffs. Exeter, with its cathedral, and several very fine seats, including Powderham castle, are in view.

tleness, manliness, and refinement unfailing. For a short time he represented the division of his county, having defeated Lord John Russell in a severe contest. He subsequently lived a quiet and retired life, in the midst of country pursuits, but cultivating the arts, and occasionally journeying abroad. In early years, from all his appearance, he gave promise of living to the full age of man, but it was ordered otherwise. The inroads of death slowly and imperceptibly crept over him, and one friend, at all events, who would have made speed to his bedside, was abroad at the time, and had no opportunity of attending on him, or bidding him farewell. Never will he forget the grief of that day when, among the letters which met him on his return, was one which announced that all had been over about ten days before.

I have chiefly been occupied here with riding, and woodcock shooting: but I must not be so unloyal as to omit that I was yesterday introduced to the duke of Clarence. He stopped, by appointment, to lunch at a small town near this, and lord Clifford, who has a magnificent place a few miles off, invited the whole party from this house to join in paying our respects to his royal highness. We all went accordingly, made our bows, heard a few of his quick remarks, and then departed, so as not to intrude too long upon his meal. However, I must say that he seemed quite pleased to see us, and, among other observations, said that he had no doubt we should soon be at war. He appeared quite ready to begin, and shewed all a sailor's energy at thoughts of the coming fray.

Pray let me hear from you again on receipt of this letter. I hope very soon afterwards to be with you and dear W— at Bursledon.

78.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel College, Oct. 10, 1828.

SAFE again in Oxford. On the road we had a capital view of Lord Berkeley's hounds, in full cry, from the top of the coach—a safe place, unless the horses had bolted, to survey

the hazards of some capital leaps which the huntsmen took close to us.

The next observable sight was not so animating. It was nothing less than a specimen of popular revenge, in the shape of six hundred young elms, lately prosperous and flourishing, which had been laid prostrate in one night. They had been planted in avenues on an extensive heath, and the reason assigned is that the proprietor had abrogated a long-established custom, and forbidden cutting furze from the above-mentioned ground.

I have paid my respects to the new Provost* of our College, and to Dornford, who is now our dean—that is, in fact, the chief manager of all college details. As the adjutant to the colonel in the regiment, so the dean to the provost in the college. There you have a kind of equation, for military men, at least.

79.—*From the same to the same.*

Oxford, Dec. 7, 1828.

THE class paper came out yesterday, and they have given me a second class. I am

* The Rev. E. Hawkins, whom the editor had the pleasure to find in the same honourable position on his coming to reside as a clergyman, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, about thirty years after this letter was written.

sure that this was quite as much as I deserved. There were only three in the *first*—a very scanty allowance of the honour. The men are ranged in each separate class *alphabetically*, there being a certain standard in the examiners for each attainment. So it is A, B, C in the first, A, B, C in the second, &c. One or two men, who fully expected to have occupied the highest place, are exceedingly disappointed, and do not pretend to conceal their feelings. There are thirteen in the second class, seventeen in the third, and below that about eighty. You see, therefore, that any one in the second class may adequately comfort himself with the remembrance that if the whole list had been named together, according to merit, he *must* have come within the first sixteen, and *might* have come at any place after the third. I have no doubt that I have made this clear to you, and that you will be much pleased with my position ; though, of course, you would have been as much more pleased to hear of the highest honour, as I should have been to communicate it.

Yesterday was a time of much academical excitement, and the usual number of congratulations and condolences were respectively given. I was examined for six successive days :

on the first by word of mouth, and on the others by having historical, critical, or philosophical essays on given subjects submitted for writing, with nothing but pen, paper, and one's own brains to effect the desired results, in the midst of such a stir and din that one certainly is not in the most favourable position towards their production. Oriel again failed in producing a *first*, though no less than six of us went up from that college to see what could be done. Of all the tutors here, perhaps there is no one who takes more interest in the success of the men than one of the juniors—I mean Newman*, who is a clever and hard-working man, and, it is said, would himself have taken a first-class, had it not been that his health failed about the intended time of going up for examination.

I sent R—— a list of the honours to-day, and enclose one for you. If you shew it to anybody, as you value my collegiate fame, pray remind them that the thing is alphabetical, which brings my name down to the very foot of the list, as from U to Z there are none apparent in my division. The col-

* His celebrity, at that time, had not begun. He was then the ἀναλκίς λέων (as Coplestone, I believe, termed him) whose powers subsequently, but not long after, were developed with such fatal results.

lege will give me a book, with its arms upon it, and I don't in the least regret having made the attempt, for many, many reasons, though I *do* very much regret that I wasted so much time, which, if well employed, might have led to a higher place, as I must say, that, on entering college, I was very *well grounded*, as they call it, and never had much difficulty, except the grand difficulty of overcoming idleness, in classical studies.

80.—*From the same to the same.*

Oriel Coll., Dec. 19, 1828.

MANY thanks for your kind letter. I am very glad that you were satisfied at my performances in the schools, and it encouraged me, though unsuccessful in my highest aim. A child once had her testament taken away by some persecuting enemy of the scriptures: "They have taken away my book," she said, "but they won't take away all the chapters of St. John which I have learned by heart;" and so I may say that failure in the honour does not deprive one of what one may have got into the head and memory. Curiously enough, just at this moment, when one feels a little inclined to be questioning the matter, whether all the time spent on Aristotle, for

University examination, might not have been better employed on general literature, or on some other studies, it happens that a friend of mine, who got a first, and is himself beginning the law, told me that his law-tutor put him on studying and analyzing Blackstone, exactly on the same principles as those of Aristotle.

I intend to go immediately to Bursledon, and as I shall of course want something to do, and this is not a travelling season, I am thinking of attacking Adam Smith, Blackstone, and some English history. School and college work is finally over, and a new range of study now claims attention.

R—— writes to me from Cambridge some kind congratulations. He speaks of staying up the greatest part of the next vacation to read, and mentions that he has formed acquaintance with Hare and Thirlwall*, two men of great ability, and recent translators of Niebuhr from the German.

This will, I hope, soon reach you in the far west. Pray remember me to relatives at Woodlawn, and tell them that my first excursion (I hope in the spring) will be to Ireland, of which as yet I know so little—but by no fault of mine.

* Now Bishop of St. David's.

81.—*From the same to the same.*

London, March 29, 1829.

I AM very glad to hear of your safe arrival among relatives and friends.

We are comfortably lodged here, and have had a good many invitations. Your old friend, Lady ——, desires me to remember her most kindly to you. As usual, she was overflowing and abounding with all sorts of questions on all sorts of topics, and used to the full the privilege of an old and truly venerable friend, to whom I would not, for any thing, have been wanting in courtesy and respect. But the questions absolutely came out in volleys or discharges, something like what they call a *bouquet* in fireworks, one after another, quick as one tongue could put them, and rather quicker than the other tongue could answer them. You will, I am sure, be amused at this reminiscence, and knowing the lady so well, will not charge me with any exaggeration.

She shewed much feeling on my delivering her a message from the Bishop of Norwich, at his special desire. It was an expression of thanks for some act of much kindness done on behalf of one of his grandchildren. The good old man talked to me about his own life, as being of necessity very

near its end, but roused himself into his usual energy about his old friends, the Roman Catholics. He said he had a petition to present the moment he could leave his house, to which he was then confined, though not by any serious ailment. He, too, sent you his kind and affectionate remembrances.

R—— has been asked for some verses, to appear in the ‘Casket,’ a volume to be published in behalf of a much respected family fallen into distress. Much interest is shewn about the volume, and it is expected that it will have a very large circulation. It is to be a collection of short pieces in prose and verse, with the authors’ names attached, and some of the most popular writers of the day have promised contributions*.

81.—*From the same to the same.*

Bursledon, July 7th, 1829.

ON receiving your recommendation of Adam Smith, I immediately attacked him, and found him in some parts very interesting, and by and bye have no doubt I shall see the importance of many parts which appear at present

* These sort of volumes were not so common then as they have since become.—*Note by Editor.*

unnecessary to the chain of the system. My old Oxonian friend Aristotle should teach us not to imagine any thing to be unnecessary (and therefore tedious) because the link does not immediately appear. Since I saw you I have read some history, a little divinity of various kinds, and that remarkably clever novel *Hajji Baba*, a book which sets before you Oriental manners, and even their habitual modes of thinking, in a most interesting and emphatic manner. I am sorry to see that the *Times* of yesterday presents an exceedingly melancholy picture of affairs in Ireland. It must touch any one who can feel for the public weal, and it seems very wrong to preserve all our concern for our own petty and personal interests. The reporter recommends martial law for the northern counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan. Lord ——— was very naturally unpopular, on account of his turning people out of their cottages. I myself saw several of them unroofed and dismantled, when on my way to Armagh. It was a melancholy sight, and perfectly new to me! The *Times* seems to expect a regular row in the above-mentioned counties, but I trust that the alarm is exaggerated.

82.—*From the same to the same.*

Woodlawn, Galway, August 29, 1829.

I ARRIVED here on Monday last from Canguort, and found this place in the greatest beauty, and had it not been for the incessant rain, I should by this time have made acquaintance with all the woods and walks of this fine scene, which, as the abode of your youth, and from other reasons, ought to be dear to me. J. T—— and I are soon to set off to spend a few days in visiting Connemara, from which J—— and H— M— have just returned. They give a most interesting account of its picturesque beauty and of the peculiarity of its inhabitants. The latter, who from his pedestrian excursions in Wales is a good judge, says, that from the glimpse he had, it was equal to any thing there. However, in the literal sense of the word, all the pleasure of visiting such scenes is *damped* this season by the continual and heavy rains. I fear very much for the English harvest if any thing like the same quantity has fallen on the other side of the channel. All the policemen, magistrates, and Orangemen, who were engaged in the Borrisokane quarrel, have been acquitted, and the Tipperary peasantry have been heard to declare openly that they will take the law

into their own hand. One man did this in open court, and was immediately committed. On last Sunday I saw the first original copy of a threatening notice. It was sent to Mr. H——, who lives two miles from C—— Park, and desired him to prepare his coffin, or raise his labourers' wages. At the end was the unmistakeable device of a coffin and blunderbuss in bold relief. The letter was given at night to his steward, who was sworn, on his knees, to present it to his master. The same lawless party proceeded afterwards to each of his labourers, and swore them not to work at lower wages than they desired. Tipperary however is at present far worse than any other county, and nothing of the kind is going on here. Indeed, from the little I have observed, they appear a much quieter set in Galway. The school-girls are a delightful set of children to teach, and seem rather like the friends and playmates of the family. Henry M—— was examining them yesterday in the Bible, and they were far better informed than some finished Oxonians and Cantabs.

The things which seem at present chiefly to occupy the upper classes in Ireland, are, sermons, education, horses, and religious or political controversy. The contrast is very striking between the subjects of thought and conversa-

tion here and in England. I think the causes are not difficult to be traced. It appears to me that the existence of two opposite religions, the miserable distress and poverty of the majority, and, lastly, the agitated and turbulent state of the country, are quite sufficient to give cause to a serious feeling of responsibility quite unknown in the calmer and less troubled atmosphere in England, where the poor are provided for by law, and where there is but one religion. There must be some cause for the greater degree of religious earnestness which exists in this country, and the fact is incontrovertible. I saw a Mr. —, who saw P— at Calcutta in February, in the streets. He had nothing to tell me of him (as he was not acquainted with him), except that he was still at college, and living with Arthur. The passage of the late ships from India has been long and desperately bad, which may make you less anxious about the non-receipt of letters from him. I am delighted to hear of R—'s health and safety at Gibraltar, a spot adjacent to scenes of the most stirring interest at the present moment.

83.—*From the same to the same.*

Clifden, Connemara, Sept. 2, 1829.

BEING in a part of his majesty's dominions

so unknown, and, at the same time, so peculiar, I send a detail of what I have seen, so far as a sheet of paper will contain it. A frank is out of the question since the political decease of the illustrious Richard Martin as the representative for Connemara.

James T—— and I have just returned to the inn, after dining with the clergyman of the parish, for whom we brought a letter of introduction. We have both been very much pleased and interested with our tour thus far. From the town of Galway the country possesses very striking beauty, although without any trees whatsoever, as a general feature, after you pass Oughterard. The road runs between very lofty mountains, skirted by a succession of extensive lakes. The inhabitants are very thinly scattered, but appear by no means worse off than in other parts of Ireland. We have absolutely seen only two gentlemen's houses for the last twenty-six miles. One is a fishing lodge, which was built on the margin of a grand trout lake by dean Mahon, before he was brought to the greater clerical strictness by which he is now characterized. The other is the celebrated Alsatian fortress of the Martins, Ballynahinch Castle—a large rough-looking abode, overlooking a wide river, or rather a running lake, and girt by the

loftiest mountains. The son of old Richard Martin resides there at present. It is the fashion in these localities to be deeply involved, and it only increases a man's popularity and the general sympathy for him. The king's writ is said not to run here, and an arrest is not a very easy affair, as there is only one road, and all travellers undergo the severest scrutiny from inquiring eyes, directed upon them by wild-looking knots of men, with stoutish sticks in hand. Questions are not spared, if the smallest cause for them appears to the natives.

Mr. Thomas Martin seems very anxious to improve the state of the country, and is much respected. At present the green marble quarries are the source of income to which he chiefly attends, and I should imagine they must be successful in the end, as the colour is, to my mind, very beautiful indeed. The situation of the quarry is not unfavourable for sea carriage, as it is only four miles from this town, which is washed by a deep bay of the Atlantic, and possesses an excellent harbour and quay, formed entirely by nature. However, money for the work is much wanting, and Mr. D'Arcy, the owner of this thriving place, is very much in the same pecuniary condition as his neighbour, though he possesses a very large terri-

tory, and a castle most picturesquely situated, and surrounded with every improvement which mere labour can effect. The marble is lying on the quay in blocks of a ton weight and upwards, and the communion table at church here is formed of it. The clergyman is a kind, eloquent, and intelligent man, and we did not undervalue his mutton, as no fresh meat is provided in the inn, which is rather a primitive place. In the stable they give our horse oats just as cut from the field, and a young ostler, the first time of my going out, absolutely buckled the reins to the collar!!! The clergyman told us that provisions here were scarcely half the price they were even at Ballinasloe, potatoes a penny to three halfpence a stone, salmon and mutton each three pence a pound—that the poor were more comfortable than in most parts of Ireland, and that he considered the sub-letting act, though beneficial to the populous parts of Ireland, very injurious to this, which is very thinly peopled, and easily brought into cultivation. He said, apparently with great reason, that previous to this bill speculators possessed of capital had begun partially to reclaim lands, and then let them again, after the first outlay of money, which does not exist here, and without which it is impossible to begin. The advantages of

this country had just been discovered when this bill was passed, and he considered it a grievous barrier to improvement, the scarcity of inhabitants putting this district quite in a different situation from the rest of Ireland.

The peasantry are tranquil and honest, and obedient to the law, except as to bailiffs and debt. There are none of the vexatious beggars* and lying cheats who so much diminished my pleasure at Killarney, and indeed I have not been asked for money by a single beggar since I entered the enormous district of Connemara.

The word Connemara, in the Irish tongue, means "*Bays of the Sea*," and the country so called occupies a space of about thirty-five miles in width and forty in length. In my ignorance I imagined it was merely Mr. Martin's place of residence which was so named, but I am very glad to have had my fabulous notions cleared up concerning this *terra incognita*, which I would strongly recommend to the notice of the painter, the fisherman, the mineralogist, the botanist, the improver, and finally to the legislator, as worth consideration, before he sends so many emigrants across the Atlantic. It is just the place for poor colonies, like those which I saw in Holland.

* A sad contrast now, I regret to say. At least it was so in 1859.

We have just returned from Mr. Martin's house at Ballinahinch, where we were admitted into the house, but did not see the proprietor. He was out on the estate, as we were told, on an island. We visited his green marble quarries, and I have specimens for you. Very little business is done at them. Besides these, he has a fine copper mine on his estate, (at present idle from want of capital,) and one of the finest salmon fisheries. I caught a salmon to-day, weighing ten pounds, in a wild torrent stream. There were three or four others fishing there, but this was the only one caught, and so I considered myself very much favoured*. This was fair-day here, and, compared with what I have seen in Ireland, there was adequate comfort and neatness among the peasantry who appeared on the occasion. The breed of ponies seems much on the decline, and good judges said the show to-day was very poor indeed.

A bailiff appeared here about a month ago, and I hear that a most extraordinary scene ensued. The notice of his arrival had pre-

* The editor was very much amused by the observation of the fisherman at Ballinahinch when he observed, on asking to fish, that he was afraid it was not in season for it. "Oh! your honour," said he, "who minds *sasons* in this part of the country?" Rather indicative of the prevalent *liberty of action* in these regions.

ceded him on the wings of fame, and before he had been half an hour in Clifden there was a gathering of three thousand men, armed with shillelaghs, who did him no damage, but told him their intentions in the most unequivocal terms, should he presume to molest any dwellers in the asylum of Connemara. Very naturally, he departed at once. My little tour has given these accounts (which I previously imagined fabulous) a substance and local habitation, and the magnificent scenery, together with the simple, honest state of a peasantry, so much left to themselves, have afforded an interest which has caused me very soon to fill a sheet on a part of the country at present so utterly unknown to the public at large, or even to the band of our most enterprising travellers. The locality is indeed well worth a visit. We leave this place to-morrow for Tuam, Cong, &c.—then for Woodlawn, then over land and sea to Bursledon, where I trust soon to see you well and prosperous.

THE Editor had now travelled with his father through France and Italy to Naples. The latter remained at Naples, and the following letter was addressed to him from Sicily :—

84.—*From the same to the same.*

Hotel Britannia, Messina, April 14, 1830.

WE arrived at this beautiful and singular town late last night, and landed this morning after a voyage of three days—the wind having been in our favour almost the whole way, though at times so near a calm as only just to preserve us from that annoying situation. The first day we made no further progress than issuing from the Bay of Naples, and that with difficulty. By the dark evening of the next we saw Stromboli, about fifty miles off, glowing like a bright revolving ball every five minutes ; and at the same time last night we were descending the strong current between the Straits of Messina, under the guidance of a Messenian pilot, who held an amusing conversation with our red-faced captain ; the one Italianizing his English, the other Englishing his Italian. The consequence was, that neither of them understood one another very accurately, and that all assistance, even from the most skilful interpreter, seemed most unsatisfactory. Till one arrives close to the mouth of the strait, it is impossible to see that Sicily is divided from the lofty mountains of Calabria. Scylla soon appears, without, however, any more strange appearance than that of a

common rock. It is by no means grand at a distance. I know not whether a nearer approach will give any reality to Homer's terrific description of the monster; and at all events I shall be unable to detect her personally, as it occupies too long to go to the opposite shore on account of the current.

Messina is built with the utmost regularity, and the quay forms an extensive crescent, so much bent as really to resemble the 'sickle' (its ancient name); and there is something very striking in the look of the houses when the cause is known. The earthquake which destroyed the town about fifty years ago has caused the adoption of an architecture exclusively adapted for the recurrence of such a misfortune. Each building is between twenty and thirty feet high, and seldom contains more than two stories, built with extraordinary strength—the lower one with great oblong stones, as the fortified palaces at Florence—the upper one bound together by short thick columns, of a proportion unknown elsewhere, so far as I am aware of. This is covered in with a light tile-roof. Behind this long crescent of houses there are two streets, and all the other streets run at right angles. The whole place seems clean, ornamental, and prosperous.

We met, on board, two agreeable and intelligent young men—one, Mr. Rennie, of the well known scientific family of that name—the other, an American, Mr. Rogers. We shall all start and continue together so long as it suits all parties. I think, from what I see of them, that this will add much to the pleasure of the tour, particularly in the wilds and *innless* roads of the south of the island. I have already had a specimen of the foliage and trees of the island. It becomes more tropical, and differs from the Italian, the heights behind the town being covered with enormous aloes and prickly pears. The fruits, &c. to be seen in the markets, however, are not superior to the Neapolitan. Provisions here are very good, but the accounts as to what is to be found after Syracuse are not very promising. My fellow-travellers on ship-board complained much of the nightly attacks of bugs and fleas ; but it appears to me that I am flea-proof, as I knew nothing about them. The weather was lovely, and so calm that we all escaped sea-sickness, and shared in the strong fare provided by the captain with the utmost freedom, though hung-beef and dry peas three times a day was a little too much for any one but a sailor. You will be surprised at the positive affirma-

tion of the captain that no one could be seasick on such a diet! The fact, I suppose, is, for the sake of his argument, that any one who had the "dura ilia" of Horace for such articles could stand the waves also.

We have hired mules, &c. on very good terms, having taken some animals, which were returning to Palermo. They seem very good, and have sound knees—a point in which they often fail.

English is more spoken here than in Italy, and indeed every language is in use, from its being such a mercantile place. There are several Greek tailors, who live near one another, and dress in the national costume. They did not seem to like the idea of Leopold becoming their king, and said he had done nothing for the country, and that there were many others, English or Russians, whom they would much prefer. Mr. — provided us with money, but did nothing else in the way of courtesy or hospitality to strangers. Including the ascent of *Ætna*, if we find it can be done at this early season, I believe our tour will take above a fortnight. We certainly shall not go to the west end of the island, which is not equally worth notice as the rest. I will write again shortly.

85.—*From the same to the same.*

Catania, April 18, 1830.

MY last letter left off just before we were mounted on our four mules, with our guides and baggage carried by the other three, and supplied with a certain quantity of tea, sugar, coffee, &c., from hearing such an unfavourable account of Sicilian provisions, especially in the interior of the island. We were soon on our road southward, purposing to go through La Nunziata and Jardini, to Catania and Syracuse. The road was delightful—skirting for a considerable distance the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and bordered by steep slopes on the other side, on which the prickly pear, the aloe, and similar productions of this semi-tropical clime, grew in rich luxuriance. Vegetation of this kind commences at Terracina, and meets the traveller in Italy on emerging from the Pontine marshes ; but here, as I mentioned in my last, the abundance and vigour of these productions far surpassed any thing hitherto witnessed by us on Italian ground.

On arriving at our lodging for the first night, we were shewn into the one only room which the inn offered, as the apartment of reception for travellers. I shall not speak of

the fare, further than to say that, although of the most ordinary description, it sufficed for those who had been riding all day : and our sleep was not to be complained of, though the only accommodation to be had, with a view to that important means of refreshment, was afforded by four beds in the four corners of the room into which we were at first shewn. Travellers in Sicily must be prepared for all such contingencies ; and we were all ready to meet, without complaint, every objectionable circumstance as to accommodation, except one, on which I shall, by and by, add a few words.

On the second day of our excursion, my mule—although a strong, tall, and beautiful creature, much recommended, and chosen by me out of several others offered—fell down suddenly under me, on a road as smooth and excellent as possibly could be. It was just carelessness on the part of the animal ; and I understood that rare as such falls are on rough and dangerous ground, yet these incidents are not uncommon where the traveller is least likely to expect them. When *down*, however, the mules shew much more intelligence than a stumbling horse ; for instead of senselessly strug-

gling and rolling about, they recover themselves with a steady, regular, and systematic movement backward, which almost precludes danger to the rider. I saw several instances of this before our tour was completed.

We made, in the course of our progress towards Catania, a most romantic diversion and ascent to visit the ruins of the celebrated theatre, once belonging to the ancient town of *Taurominium*—a name preserved in the present village of *Taormini*. My first view of the renowned *Ætna* was attained *through* a rent in the torn arches of this time-worn structure ; and surely never was a fairer frame, in which a picture so glorious could be set and seen.

The spectacle presented by this theatre is of the most extraordinary character, and I can scarcely describe it. Instead of being on a flat, like most other edifices of the kind which I have yet visited, it is approached by an ascent of much steep ruggedness ; and when you enter the ruins, you find brickwork intermingled with hewn rock, and here and there a mantle of verdure and foliage overhangs the arches, doorways, and other architectural remains ; and so narrow are the limits of the rude, craggy eminence on which the vast and grand building once stood, that you can

scarcely conceive how room for it could be found. The skill and the boldness of those who had erected it must strike every one who sees it.

Adjoining the structure are large reservoirs for water, which some suppose to have been a provision for *naumachia*, or aquatic entertainments. Others conceive that these receptacles were intended for baths, or for containing water to supply the city in case of a prolonged siege.

It is a very favourable circumstance for us as travellers, that at present Sicily is perfectly free from banditti. One of our muleteers told us that there was not at this time a single highway robber in the country, nor the remotest chance of the traveller being attacked, as (he added, with the true *neighbour-hatred* of these countries) would surely be the case before we had travelled many miles on the opposite coast of Calabria. The fact is, that highway robbery and the assassination of travellers had arrived, not long since, at such a fearful height of enormity, that (as in many other cases) the evil corrected itself, or rather *forced* its own correction on that portion of the Sicilians, who from their position were most qualified to put a stop to the lawless proceedings of banditti.

The country was divided into certain districts, and a resolute captain, with a band of substantial inhabitants, chosen to repress all outrage. They performed their duty so well, that Sicily is now as safe as it used to be the reverse.

I can bear my testimony to the truth of the concluding paragraph ; and the *contrast* is rendered additionally satisfactory, from our being informed by the muleteers that the Sicilian highwaymen used to adopt a most treacherous and murderous system of attack, which gave to the sufferers not even a choice between the two alternatives of resistance or of yielding up their money. They used to occupy crags or eminences commanding the high road, and then waited in ambush for any approaching party of travellers, in order to shoot them from their lurking place, without giving them any notice, or making any previous demand. Having thus slain or disabled them, they then descended in safety to rifle and plunder their unhappy victims.

We have here found our *first*, and we were informed that, with the exception of that at Syracuse, it will be our *last* tolerable inn before reaching Palermo. The landlord is a most cordial, friendly, and good-humoured

fellow, who seems to have quite an enthusiastic desire to make his English visitors comfortable, and to provide for their wants in the most acceptable manner. Evidently one of his leading confidences in so doing is that of supplying us with good beef-steaks; and in this effort, at all events, he is most successful.

Catania is a very interesting town from many and various causes. But its proximity to *Ætna*, and its peculiar circumstances, past and prospective, in connection with the mighty volcano, now towering and domineering so grandly above us, give a strange and engrossing character to its locality, which my companions and I very powerfully and impressively experience.

For instance, we wander down to the sea-shore here, and instead of traversing ordinary rocks and shingle, we tread on dark, multi-form, and heaped-up masses of lava; and on directing the eye towards the waves, we see how the molten current was checked and congealed as it met the waters, but not till then. Looking upward in the direction of the mountain, we can trace the course of these devastating streams—the ‘*liquefacta saxa*’ of Virgil—although, after the lapse of centuries, even this rugged soil becomes serviceable. Lichen

and mosses first gather on it ; and after a certain period ampler vegetation comes, such as weeds, and tangled herbs, and the beautiful diminutive flowers which are now springing around us, to maintain the ancient and poetical fame of Sicily for such beauty. And then shrubs rise ; and finally, the hand of man commences its work, and that which a few centuries ago was lying bare and rugged, as it was first congealed, and rather resembled a bed of coal, cast in gigantic masses all around, is now verdant with fruit-trees and foliage, and crops of the richest kind.

The museum here is good, and is copiously furnished with Sicilian antiquities. It presents many objects deeply interesting, as illustrative of classical history, in connection with this island.

Strange to say, so entirely have ancient authors and subjects ceased to afford any general interest to the modern inhabitants of this land, that, notwithstanding the intimate connection of Pindar and Theocritus with Sicilian subjects, I have been unable to purchase a copy of either, though making efforts to do so both at Messina and here. In my ignorance I had imagined that pocket editions would be attainable at once in any good Sicilian town, and therefore had omitted

to bring copies with me, as without doubt I should otherwise have done.

We are preparing for our ascent of Ætna this afternoon. The weather is most promising, and we are all in the best health and spirits. It is the custom to sleep for a few hours at Nicolosi, half way up to the mountain, and to leave it at midnight to see the early sun-rise on the top of the mountain. We shall pursue this plan.

86.—*From the same to the same.*

Syracuse, April 23, 1830.

WE left Catania at about two o'clock of the day on which I last wrote, and we could not possibly have had a more favourable time for our ascent. Our party was the first which had ascended Ætna this year. With the usual habit of making or magnifying difficulties, which I have seen among all southern inhabitants of Europe, some of the natives met us on the side of the mountain before reaching Nicolosi, and told us that it was impossible to reach the summit so early in the year; that it was *una cosa stravagante, una cosa stravagantissima*, to think of making the attempt. *Come I Inglesi sono pazzi*, says one; and another said, that although a *Siciliano*, he would be afraid to go, bringing forward

the favourite word of these climes, *paüra*, so distasteful to our English lips. The youth of the party must be the only excuse for our pushing by the alarmists with the somewhat arrogant boast, *Andiamo! Andiamo! I Inglesi non temono niente*; and we left them opening their eyes wider and wider, and gesticulating with their fingers, and repeating the sharp *Che!* so well known to all who have noticed Italian parley, when it is brought to an end, and no foundation appears on which to renew the topic of discourse.

The ride to Nicolosi occupied something less than four hours. We then arrived at a rude inn, which offers one large apartment as the receptacle for travellers. After refreshing ourselves with tea, we laid down to rest on four beds in the four corners of the room, in preparation for being summoned at eleven o'clock to pursue our upward course, in order to reach the summit of the mountain at sunrise. I cannot say that we slept much. Perhaps the excitement and anticipated gratification combined not a little with our more than usually public dormitory in depriving us of sleep. The rest, however, was almost as valuable to us, and many an agreeable interchange of communication passed from corner to corner of our room.

Between eleven and twelve at night the mules were brought to the door, and we were summoned to mount. On going into the open air we found ourselves in a fine and genial atmosphere, but the night was very dark. I do not say it was so dark as to prevent our discovering any objects whatsoever, for I could trace the form of my grey mule, and especially her long grey ears standing up before me ; but we advanced many miles before the objects around us (*viz.* old gnarled or knotted oaks, and lumps of scoria or rocky cinders) were visible to human eyes ; and it was not until our descent on the next day that I was enabled to frame any accurate idea of the soil and locality which we had traversed during the previous night. However, we proceeded onward, with one of the guides as leader. Then came two travellers in single file, then another guide, then the two other travellers, and the third muleteer bringing up the rear. All, I believe, were trusting implicitly to the faculties of the mules rather than their own human senses and capacity, and so we advanced with perfect safety through the dark period of the night. By the time that the early twilight had begun to appear we arrived at a rude oblong building, erected for the accommoda-

tion of travellers, and sometimes occupied as a sleeping-place for the night. This hut, for it deserves no better name, is situated on the uppermost border of the *regione boscosa*, or wooded department of the mountain, and there the wood ceases, giving place for the most part to a soil, at a later period of the year appearing as rank grass, but now covered with snow.

In this hut we had coffee, and leaving the mules to feed and wait for our return, we here commenced the pedestrian part of our expedition.

This was rather fatiguing. We had to make our way, at this early season of the year, over a continuous bed of snow, from the time of dismounting from our mules until we reached the foot of the ashy cone, which forms the cap or culminating pinnacle of Ætna, in which the bowl of the crater is formed. Here there is a small place of shelter, which in bad weather might prove of invaluable service and protection; but we had no necessity of such a refuge, although considerably fatigued by our snowy march. At a later period of the year, this snow is, I understand, so much melted away by the advancing heat of the season, that travellers can ride up to the foot of the ashy cone.

That was now to be surmounted ; and from its being very steep, as well as from the loose, crumbling soil on which each footstep was placed, we found it no light toil to reach the edge of the crater. On striking the foot a few inches deep at various points of this ascent, we found the soil quite warm.

Before long, we were all standing on the crater's brink, and stretching our bodies forward, we looked into the deep hollow beneath, mysteriously sending forth its waving columns of smoke, following each other in all vigour and rapidity. The sides appeared very precipitous, but we were disabled from looking down to any considerable depth by the swiftly-rising clouds of smoke, which filled the whole circumference until they arrived within a few yards of the crater's brim. Then the air began to act upon them ; and as we were of course led by our guides to that side of the crater from which the wind blew, we saw a considerable portion of the inner crust of the walls beneath our feet, and on each side of the spot where we stood. Except for the grand and mysterious character of the sight, I do not hesitate to say that the crater of Vesuvius was a far more interesting object ; but in making this observation, I am well aware that few natural

objects present such a *variety* of form and colour as the interior of that more-known volcano. When I saw it, a few weeks ago, the basin was, generally speaking, free of smoke. The soil was coloured with the most beautiful hues—yellow, blue, red, green, &c., &c.—all shining with a kind of sulphureous and metallic lustre; while one single, dark, tapering mound, of small dimensions, and composed of black ashes, arose at a particular spot, near the centre of the vast excavation, and occasionally sent forth a gentle puff of smoke. The description above given will shew how very different the crater of Ætna appeared to our eyes. Yet the grandeur and the marvel of the spectacle was great indeed.

Many travellers attempt this excursion, but many fail—either from fatigue, or from inclement weather. Simond, whose book we have with us, was among the number who thus fared. He and his party reached the lower edge of the ashy cone, but were prevented by the wind and the cold from advancing any farther. Others are favoured on arriving at the summit with one of the most extraordinary and glorious views which the whole earth can present—comprehending, as it does, almost the whole circuit of Sicily, the southern pro-

montory of Italy, various islands, and a vast expanse of sea on all sides. Our appointed lot this morning was not of this brilliancy ; for although the weather was extremely fine, and a beautiful sun was shining above us, the whole mountain was encircled, a few miles below us, by a ring or belt of clouds, which extended itself to such a breadth as to intercept our line of vision, and to preclude us from obtaining a single glimpse of any portion of our earth, except the mountain-top immediately below our feet. This was as clear as possible. Below, and through the cloud, nothing could be seen. Our guides did not give us any reason to expect that this would be speedily dissipated ; and accordingly we soon began our descent, having seen much to interest and delight, although we had not the advantage of seeing the magnificent spectacle of nature sometimes displayed from this mighty and mysterious height.

As we descended, our guides pointed out various minor swellings and volcanic marks on the mountain-side. Not one of these can, as to its appearance, rival in the least degree the pinnacle which crowns the whole, and in which the crater lies. Still it is from these minor excrescences that the lava has always flowed (so far as I understand) at the period

of eruptions. The term *eruption* is never applied to the scenes going on at Vesuvius or Ætna, or any other of their fiery kindred, *unless lava flows*. There may be furious and continued outpouring of flames, and ejection of glowing rocks, cinders, and ashes—the ‘scopulos, avulsaque viscera montis,’ to use Virgil’s grandiloquent expressions—and every other feat of volcanic action may be performed; but unless lava flows, the process is not dignified with the name of an *eruzione*—translated into our language by the well-known word *eruption*. Inexperienced travellers sometimes use the word wrongly, and this occasionally meets a polite correction by those who live among these scenes, or speak of them with native accuracy.

We had now accomplished an expedition to which we had all looked forward with keen anticipation, and congratulated one another on the enjoyment which we had all shared. We then returned rapidly to the hut where we had left our mules, and hastened onward to Catania, which we reached in the afternoon, and retired early to bed, having two motives to make the most of this night’s repose—the first, that of compensating for the total lack of our usual sleep on the previous night—the other, that of laying a little

supererogatory stock for future use, as we had received very general information that during the remainder of our Sicilian journey (except perhaps at Syracuse) we should meet with no inn or other place of reception in which we could expect any of those comforts which were there very adequately supplied by our kind and obliging host, signor Abbate, of Catania.

The country leading from Catania to Syracuse was very varied and interesting.

Sometimes our path was by the sea-shore. from whence we saw *Ætna* rising in its single and solitary dignity, such as no other mountain in Europe presents. It is not (as Mount Blanc or the loftier summits in the Pyrenees) merely a more eminent pinnacle in some vast range or chain of their brethren. *Ætna*, without any neighbour or rival, lifts its single cone on high with a regular unbroken ascent from a base of one hundred miles in circumference. There was not the least dimness or obscuration in the whole atmosphere around, except one small cloud which hung as a motionless canopy in the serene air just above the crater. This was the smoke from its vortex, as yet undissipated by the breeze. And having once turned to gaze on the spectacle, we scarcely could leave it and resume

our way. Most strange but beautiful it looked, as it held its tranquil, undisturbed position in the sky: nor was the earthly scene less striking, as our eyes travelled downwards from the ashy peak to the snow-clad plain immediately beneath it, and then to the wooded region of the mountain, and then to villages and fields and gardens on its fruitful side, and then to the town of Catania itself, and then to the sea below, with quays and moles and jetties, marvellously formed by the black lava which once invaded its waves.

At other times we pursued our path over smooth green meadows, enamelled with small yet most beautiful flowers. In many instances they seemed to me as the diminutive types or representatives of many prized and beautiful productions which we have in our conservatories, and only found in choice gardens at home. And there were wild thickets and rocky dells, and every variety of scene which imagination could wish.

On our approach to Syracuse many classical memories crowded on our minds, and we looked to that passage in the Acts, where St. Luke, detailing the course of St. Paul's journey to Rome, speaks of "landing at Syracuse, and tarrying there three days."

The place and neighbourhood abounds with

objects to attract the traveller. Among these are the ancient cave or prison-house, entitled the Ear of Dionysius, the fountain of Arethusa, the rock-hewn tombs of the ancient Syracusans, the specimens of English papyrus growing in the shallows of the river Anapus, an immense theatre, and an amphitheatre formed in the natural rock. We visited all these objects in succession.

A few words first on the Ear of Dionysius—i. e. the place of incarceration in which Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, shut up his prisoners of state, and then made himself master of their secrets by what a Londoner would call a kind of “whispering gallery.” The present appearance of the place is that of a deep cleft, cavern, or hollow in the side of a rocky height. On entering the cleft by torchlight, you find that it becomes narrower and narrower as you advance, and also that it makes, in two or three directions, curvilinear bends. A little above the top of the cleft, on the outward face of the rock, is a small hole, at present inaccessible, except by the curious device of a basket attached to a rope, worked through a pulley fixed in the rock still higher up, and thus drawn up or let down at pleasure by the guides who accompany the traveller, or by those who attend at the spot for

the purpose of receiving visitors, and making a little gain by that means.

The tradition is, that Dionysius, or his acting official and representative, used to place himself at this orifice, when lying in wait to catch the sayings and the secrets of the prisoners shut up in the cave below for offences against himself personally, or against the state.

The fountain of Arethusa presents the phenomenon of a fresh-water spring rising so copiously from the shore covered by the salt waves, as completely to displace them, and to substitute its own bubbling and surging supplies for those of the ocean, which on all sides surrounds the spring. We rowed to the spot, and on tasting the water, found it totally devoid of any saline taste or impregnation. The circumference however in which the phenomenon takes place is very contracted, and at a few yards on each side of the spring salt resumes its sway.

Continuing our course in the boat which bore us to visit this remarkable curiosity of nature, we went to see the fine specimens of papyrus growing in the river Anapus, at the opposite side of the bay from that where stands the present city of Syracuse. These plants are a subject of much botanical in-

terest. They grow half in and half out of the water, and are of such large dimensions, as to the thickness of their stem, that their capability, when split, for use as paper, appears quite evident.

I understood that these were the only examples of the plant at present known, as of natural growth, throughout all Europe.

There are few ancient cities—perhaps none of such size as the Syracuse of former days—of which the architectural remnants have been more entirely effaced. With the exception of a few columns of a temple, no relics of buildings (properly so called) were brought under our notice. Still, however, where the hand of man had called in natural and local peculiarities to his aid, instead of depending altogether on materials formed by himself, *there* the case was different. We saw this exemplified in the remains of an immense theatre, constructed in a quarry—in an amphitheatre carved out of the hard rock, still exhibiting the *vivo sedilia saxo*; and in another most interesting spot, whether from the rarity of such scenes to the traveller's eye, or from its own romantic and picturesque appearance, or from the solemnity of thought arising from the locality—not a place of amusement or assemblage of the living, but the long home and

receptacle for man's perishing frame. I allude to the sepulchres and tombs hollowed out in the rock, and occupying a large space of ground in the stern and rugged position chosen for this purpose by the Syracusans of old time, just outside their town. It was exactly such a place as one might have supposed to be the resort of some maniac, abhorring the abodes of men, and while seeking shelter from the elements, yet seeking it in gloomy, strange, and desolate hiding-places. And it seemed to me that this might not have differed much from that of the Gada-renes, whence there came forth "out of the tombs the man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains: because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him. And always, night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying, and cutting himself with stones."

A large number of antique vases has been dug up from among the ruins of these Sicilian cities, and many curious coins have been found at various times. Some fine Grecian vases have been offered to us for sale; and

although on our guard against *fabricated antiquities*, on which subject we had not been without warnings, still nothing but the difficulty of conveying brittle ware, and the probability of their being fractured on the way, prevented us from purchasing what appeared to us to be genuine articles. But they were too large to carry. As it was, we were contented with buying a few earthen lamps, and some very diminutive vases.

My purchase of two little specimens led to a little scene this morning which has given me quite an insight into the capacity for appreciating classical beauty which exists even amongst the poorest and most uneducated inhabitants of these climes. I had left one of these simple objects (only a few inches high, and without any colouring beyond that of its own natural dark reddish earth) on the table in my room. Coming in unexpectedly, I saw one of our muleteers, with his back to the entrance door of the apartment, and without notice of my approach, gazing steadily at the little vase, in the very attitude of a connoisseur admiring a picture with intense delight. And just as I entered he was delicately handling it, apostrophizing it with evident pleasure, and addressing it with epithets of praise, of which I remember two, *O bella ! O*

graciosa! He felt and realized the beauty of *form* which was there.

We leave to-morrow for Palazzuola and Girgenti, from which last place I hope again to write to you. All perfectly well.

87.—*From the same to the same.*

Girgenti, April 26, 1830.

I GAVE you in my last an account of our proceedings till the day of our leaving Syracuse. Our next aim was Palazzuola. On setting out, the earlier part of the day brought us through some very beautiful rocky thickets and defiles, and subsequently we had to traverse a high, bare, and comparatively desolate region.

At midday we prepared our provision on the bare heath, with the simple implements of cookery which we carried with us, and by the help of the furze, which we gathered as fuel. At this we *toasted* our beefsteaks; and on these, with the addition of bread, eggs, and oranges, we made our repast. We had some wine with us; but notwithstanding the beauty and richness of the climate, the Sicilian wine is very harsh and bad.

At Palazzuola, from there being no inn, we went for the night to a Capuchin convent.

It was nearly dark when we arrived, fatigued and hungry. We asked for something to eat. The monks said that they would go out and try to procure something for us, but that they had nothing in store. The provision of the day had been exhausted by its close: for according to that expression which they used to us, they were beggars from the poor; "yes," said one, sometimes *beggars from beggars*." The monk who had gone out to seek provisions shortly returned with some bread and eggs, and on this, with coffee, which we had brought with us, we finished our meals for the day.

One of the monks sat with us during our supper, and was very intelligent and pleasing in his conversation. Among other things he said—"Our three great principles are, *obediencia, povertá, e castitá*." Neither did I think the worse of him, but the better, for decided and earnest feelings in religion, however mistaken, and for one or two observations, exhibiting real and serious interest in the spiritual condition of the foreigners whom he was entertaining to the best of his ability.

Our bed-rooms were rude and primitive enough. I never occupied an apartment into which modern civilization and luxury had less penetrated. There was no glass or any other substitute whatever in the large window-

frames. The articles of furniture were of the most rough and scanty description. There were no sheets on the beds, and for the usual cover-lids of blankets and a quilt, I had two or three rough, dark-coloured rugs; and in the morning, from the total absence of basins, jugs, or any other preparations for washing in our rooms, we adopted the plan recommended to us as universally employed by travellers who take their night's lodging in the place, and performed all the functions for which water was requisite at a pump in the middle of the monastery yard.

We set out on our journey as early as we could, and passed through some scenery of the most varied description, often amidst fields surrounded with tall and formidable hedges of aloe-plants, stretching out their sharp and strong and spiked leaves in every direction, so as to make any inroad on the precinct which they guarded almost impossible, either for man or beast. The inhabitants are very poor and squalid. There has been scarcely such a thing as a separate cottage to be seen in any part of our journey, the population being crowded into the towns—according to the ancient custom of the country—partly from its unsettled state throughout, and especially on the sea-coast, from the danger of African

pirates. The beggars are very numerous. At one town where we halted a larger assemblage of them was gathered together than ever I had seen collected at once in any country which I have hitherto visited. I counted the ring by which we were surrounded, on dismounting from our mules at the door of the inn, and found that the number of applicants for charity was not less than sixty, the large proportion of them being full-grown men and women.

The olive-tree forms a very frequent object in the scenery. It is generally larger than those which we saw together in Provence and Italy. Another tree which adds much to the beauty and luxuriance of the fields and orchards is the *carruba* or bean-tree, bearing a long and sweet pod, much liked in this country. I have never seen any specimen of this fruit-tree elsewhere : and we looked at it with additional interest from the tradition attached to it (on the supposition of the word *ἄκριδες* meaning a vegetable production called locusts, and not the living insects) as having been the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness. This is a disputed point ; but the opinions in corroboration of the *animal* rather than the *vegetable* being meant are, I believe, the most numerous.

Among the verdant masses of foliage bordering the sea-shore we saw myrtles, pomegranates, oleanders, and a vast multitude of fair and fragrant herbs, unknown to us before as growing wild. They seemed richly to luxuriate in this semi-tropical region, and were very lovely objects.

At one point of our journey our muleteers very unwisely led us straight across a large cultivated field. We had remonstrated with them on their course, and expressed our apprehensions of doing damage to the crop; but they said no harm would ensue, and that the proprietor would have no objection whatsoever to our making the short cut. The fact however proved very different; for just as we had arrived at about the middle of the field, several armed horsemen rode down among us, and with angry voice and gesture complained of our proceedings. We, as we were fully justified, laid the blame entirely on our guides; but as none of us spoke the language of the country well enough to secure comprehension, the dispute went on among us with some noise and vivacity. It was concluded in rather a singular manner. Our mules became excited by the animated conversation, or some other cause, and shewed themselves determined to take a practical

part in the contest. Accordingly, they began rearing and kicking, and attempting to bite the animals of the opposite and native party. The suddenness and unexpected character of the attack quite discomposed their riders, who, I suppose, thought it not unlikely that they might suffer personally in the fray — at all events, that their horses would be no gainers. Whether they imagined that we and the muleteers had any share in encouraging this unexpected onslaught, I cannot say ; but certainly the remonstrants rode away with no little celerity, and bade us from a distance, with voices half alarmed and half angry, to make our way out as speedily as possible.

We considered ourselves as satisfactorily quit of a somewhat unpleasant meeting, through the pugnacity of our fourfooted companions.

The approach to Girgenti is very beautiful. It was known in old times by the very similar name of Agrigentum, and now it is the scene of some of the fairest ruins, both as to their form and local position, which traveller's eye can behold in any quarter of the earth.

They stand on a verdant ridge, or prolonged rocky eminence, of varied and romantic character, which stretches along between

the sea and the modern town of Girgenti ; and though at a considerable distance both from the sea and the town, they are not too far for the *combination* of those objects in almost every view taken of them by a spectator, as he looks on the three temples crowning and adorning the above-mentioned ridge.

One of the structures is called—from its immense size, and from that of the *Caryatides*, or gigantic figures which form part of the building—*il tempio dei Giganti* ; and certainly the name is not undeservedly applied.

Its length outside is one hundred and twenty yards ; its breadth is forty-five yards, and its height thirty-three yards. The columns at the bottom are fifteen feet in diameter : and a man can stand in one of the flutes so that a stick may cross him from one edge of the flute to that opposite, without at all touching his person. We tried this experiment.

On the greensward in the immediate neighbourhood of the temple lie enormous blocks and fragments of the building. Among these are gigantic *Caryatides* ; and in one instance a whole image is stretched out at full length. It must have been shaped and arranged in a recumbent posture by the care of some mo-

dern antiquarians or others interested in the ruins, after its fall from the erect attitude of centuries, and, in all probability, after its dislocation and the dispersion of the limbs for many centuries more. I cannot explain the present appearance and formation of this marvellous figure in any way more likely to enable a reader to realize the sight, than by describing it as looking like a loose backbone of some enormous skeleton. One of the knobs or joints, making only a certain proportion of the thigh just above the knee, was lying a little out of its place. This caused a prominence of two or three inches on the one side, and a similar deficiency on the other side of the limb. In all probability this *deformity* had been in existence ever since the giant was laid out on his present bed. One of our party exclaimed, while gazing on the figure, and noticing the partial dislocation, "Let us try whether we cannot set his leg a little better." This, however, was more easily said than effected; and it was not accomplished till after many efforts of no less than six travellers, all in the full strength of youth, (for we met two at the ruins, who heartily joined with us in our surgery, as executed on the stone,) aided by at least an equal number of guides and muleteers, that

we were enabled to move the ponderous block, and make it assume its proper position in the arrangement of the prostrate giant's leg.

After having passed some hours amid these fair and spirit-stirring scenes of ancient magnificence, we retired to modern Girgenti for our night's lodging. The ascent into the place is steep and tedious; but when once the traveller reaches the height on which it is built, the view beneath is glorious—including romantic ground broken into every shape, fields of teeming verdure, goodly and luxuriant trees, the temples, just described, as the middle ground of the landscape, and in the distance the bright expanse of the boundless sea. I will not dwell on the many deficiencies of our hostelry, nor on the abundance of *pulci* and *cimaci*, further than to say, that some of our party, with the view to defend themselves last night from the enemies to which I allude, resorted among other expedients to that of introducing their hands into stockings, which they tied with string tightly about their arms. However, on retiring to bed, two of them were so severely bitten, that they would endure it no longer. They ordered their mules in the middle of the night, and rode on to the next house of re-

ception. I shall not easily forget the bold and fearless admission made in another place by a stout landlady as to the diminutive tenantry, of whom I saw numbers prepared to share my bed: *Mi pare, Signora*, said I, *che sono qui dei pulci*.—*Si, Signor*, answered she, as she braved the charge, thrusting an arm on each side of her waist with a determined air, and speaking in that full sense of the freedom from all competition which the absence of any other tolerable inn within thirty miles produced—*Si, Signor! pulci assai, e cimaci ancora!*

I was occupied during two hours last night with transcribing a kind of heroic song from the dictation of a native poet, or perhaps, more accurately speaking, a *reciter* of poetry, inasmuch as we had no specimens of composition professedly original. He had been mentioned to us, on our arrival at Girgenti, as one in whose recitations we, like other travellers, might probably feel interested: and I was so much pleased with the character of an ode relative to Murat, for a time king of Naples, that after his performance was concluded I detained the bard, and endeavoured to copy out the whole of the poem at his dictation. Many parts of it were very energetic and spirited: but from my inability

to comprehend accurately the Sicilian *patois* or dialect in which it was composed, and from the many consequent breaks in the regularity of transcription, I was unable to obtain a copy adapted for print.

I can add no more at present, and am glad to forward these notes.

88.—*From the same to the same.*

Palermo, May 1, 1830.

WE left Girgenti the day after I sent you the last portion of my journal. The next objects of special interest which we visited were the ruined temples of Selinus or Selinuntium. They stand on a heath above the sea-shore, very desolate, but fragrant with all manner of aromatic herbs. There is no dwelling within a mile of them, and in all probability the very locality of the ancient city would have been by this time unknown, and effaced altogether in the lapse of centuries, were it not for the mighty and beautiful ruins, amidst which it was our delight and privilege to repose and to wander on one of the loveliest days which ever brightened the sea and adorned the earth, as we gazed on the two elements before us, during the hours, only too

short and fleeting, which we passed on the spot.

The two chief characteristics of the ruined temples are these : 1st, their vast size, (on which I need not dwell, as in a great measure it would only be repeating what I stated about the kindred structures at Girgenti,) and 2ndly, the strange, eccentric, and confused forms in which the columns, and indeed the whole structures, are thrown and pitched together. I believe that there are no records of the cause which produced these effects. The general opinion however is, that these peculiar appearances are to be attributed to an earthquake. No other force seems at all adequate to bring about that sort of confusion which prevails. The various layers forming the columns are shaken and disjointed, some more, some less ; this, too, whether the remains of the pillars stand erect, or whether they lean one against another, or against masses of overthrown stone. Those who remember the volcanic and quaking character of the soil throughout all Sicily, and who have had the opportunity of seeing the ruins with their own eyes, will, I think, give assent to this account, as the probable cause of the mighty overthrow which must at some time or other have occurred.

We saw clearly that metallic cramps were much used in constructing and strengthening these magnificent buildings. The metal has now been entirely removed, but the marks in the stone remain, and the cavities where they were attached.

The lizards were very abundant, peeping sometimes out of the crevices in the stone, and at other times seen basking in the full rays of the sun. The guides warned us to be careful of the snakes; but we met none, though the thick, heathery, flowery, aromatic masses of vegetation which we trod beneath our feet seemed admirably fitted as places for their haunt. We had, however, one very ludicrous scene.

We had often heard of scorpions, as being occasionally met with in Sicily, although very rare. None of our party had ever seen one in its wild state, which we were all very anxious to do, and during our journey we had strictly enjoined our guides to give us any opportunity of seeing one of these curious animals. However, as we were sitting at our mid-day meal in the centre of these dilapidated fragments and columns, one of the muleteers suddenly and eagerly exclaimed, as he gazed intently into the chink of a column about level with his eyes, *Signori! Signori!* and on our com-

ing up, he said that he had seen a scorpion basking in the sun on the edge of the chink, and that it had just retreated to the interior. The hole was deep, and two or three inches wide. On our examining the rest of the stone-work, we saw that there was no other way of exit, by which any such animal could escape, so we all gathered close up, and one of our company having a stick in his hand, thrust it in, with the endeavour to dislodge the reptile. After he had been at this work for a few seconds, and while the whole party was staring in, with their faces in a semicircle, gazing eagerly into the chink at a few inches distance, all at once the aggressor of the scorpion dashed back with the exclamation, "Here it comes!" and in an instant two small eyes glared upon us, and a complete panic ensued from a large and exasperated rat rushing forth in our faces. Every head ducked down most rapidly before the unexpected enemy, and I must say that he put us all for the moment to flight. The rat escaped in the heath and verdure around, and no scorpion could be subsequently dislodged. But our sudden dispersion at the unexpected sally gave us no little amusement.

The temple at Segesta, the third and last of those κτήματα ἐς αἰὲν, which Grecian art has

bequeathed to this island, as a charm and a marvel for all who visit its shores with the smallest capacity of apprehending their grandeur and their beauty, lies but little out of the way from Selinus to Palermo. This noble edifice has its own local and architectural attractions, distinct altogether from those which met us at Girgenti and Selinus, and claimed our attention just as much as if we had never visited the two other kindred scenes about which I have already written to you.

The temples at Girgenti occupy a narrow, grassy ridge, and none of them are by any means so perfect as the temple at Segesta ; while the ruins of Selinus stand on a flat, though elevated heath, and are still more dilapidated than those at Girgenti. But the locality of Segesta is that of a lofty eminence in the shape of a conical hill, surrounded by a deep valley, extending itself on three sides of its height. The circumference of this valley is bounded by hills still loftier than that crowned by the temple, so that the effect of the position is very peculiar, and in some degree may remind one of the passage in the Psalms, "the hills stand about Jerusalem."

At the point of usual approach, an ascending ridge or platform, covered with verdant turf, brought us by an easy ascent right in

front of the temple. Striking as the sight was while we gazed at the structure from a distance, more striking still did it appear, as a nearer access enabled us accurately to observe its grandeur and beauty, and the remarkable state of preservation in which it still rears up its graceful and commanding form. On this latter point, viz. good preservation, you may not unfavourably compare it with the ruins at Pæstum: and it appeared to me that this Sicilian stone bore some resemblance to that employed there. Its durability is quite extraordinary. The columns stand erect, each in its own position, as they were originally placed. The pediment too and the entablature remain, without any derangement, and scarcely touched by time, while the edges and corners of the stonework still retain their sharpness, as if the builder's tool had struck and chiselled them only a few days ago. No remains of the ancient town of Segesta could tell us anything whatever relating to its form, size, or position: but it must have been near: and where a city once stood, there cattle and sheep and goats were feeding in vast numbers around, and no figures appeared in our sight except those in whose company we came hither, and the few shepherds tending their flocks and herds, and dressed in garments

almost as natural and rude as the very skins and fleeces of their charge.

After quitting this impressive locality, we rode onwards towards Palermo, and slept for the night at Alcamo, a town about thirty miles from this fair and populous city, whence I write these lines.

As we approached Palermo we entered a region called by that most poetical and well-deserved name the *Concha d'oro*, or the "Golden shell," a name given partly from the *shape* of the sloping and extensive hollow shelving downwards towards Palermo and the sea, and partly from the *colour* of the orange trees, with which so large a portion of this region is clothed. But it is not the orange alone which the *Concha d'oro* rears in such profusion and splendour on its teeming and genial soil. For besides the more ordinary productions, which you know so well as a traveller in southern Europe, and here growing and blooming and ripening in one mass of unrivalled richness and plenty, each step of our way brought us among figs and olives, and hedges of the aloe, and acacias, and palm trees, and fair climbing plants, waving their foliage in every eccentric form on each slope or bank which we skirted on our course. And great was our enjoyment as we rode on with such delicious sights im-

mediately around us, in an atmosphere of fragrance such as Sicily alone, of any countries which I have ever yet traversed, can afford : and when we looked up from this encompassing loveliness, we saw spread before us the fair city of Palermo stretching its symmetrical form along the seashore—and beyond it was the blue expanse of the Mediterranean sea, not disturbed or agitated, nor, on the other hand, dull and motionless, but just playing to the sunbeams in spangles of silvery hue. I wish you had been with us to see the lovely sight, but am glad even to tell you about it.

A long straight road leads into Palermo, which is one of the most splendidly located cities on the face of the earth. The *Concha d'oro* sweeps behind it in a semicircular form, of a size sufficient to suit the extensive and populous city, but not so far distant, in any part of its circumference, as to be vague and indistinct in its outline. The city itself lies on the margin of the sea, and a very considerable breadth of ground extends between the houses and the water. Next to the shore is a quay, then a public walk, then a public drive, and then a public garden, very ornamentally arranged, and presenting every attraction which such a scene could afford. As may be supposed, this 'marina' is the most

choice and favourite resort of the higher classes of the Palermitans, as well as of foreign travellers. Close at hand are a few fine and extensive palaces belonging to Sicilian noblemen. Some of them possess very large fortunes.

From this quay we enjoyed a delightful view of the whole harbour. It is not by any means so extensive as that of Naples; but I should not be at all surprised at some considering it even more beautiful. The horns or *ulnæ* of the bay, formed of massive and sloping hills, with ridges of dark rock, make a very graceful bend, as they enclose a portion of the sea, and thus naturally effect that extensive port or shelter, from whence the ancient name of this city, *Panormus*, was derived.

The town is also very symmetrical, being arranged in the shape of a cross. In the centre, where the two main streets meet, is an open space, from whence you may look, in four different directions, to the very end of the city. The fact is very remarkable, when we remember its extent and population, not less, I believe, than 200,000 souls. In three of these four directions the eye can look through as many gates into the country be-

yond. In the other direction. the view is towards the sea.

I fear that we shall be obliged to leave this beautiful place sooner than we could have wished, on account of the departure of the steamboat ; but whether we go or not, I will soon write again.

89.—*From the same to the same.*

Victoria Hotel, Naples, May 6, 1830.

WE arrived from the Sicilian tour on Saturday evening, but the present is the first post which gives me the opportunity of telling you that we have finished it with success, and without missing *much* of superior interest, though the time of our remaining there was short. The beautiful capital, Palermo, deserved more time and examination than we were able to give, but the steam packet started inexorably to the day and moment. The tour fully answered our anticipations, (high as they were,) from the singularity and beauty of the scenery, the peculiarity of the inhabitants, the semi-barbarous mode of travel and accommodation, and the surpassing interest of the ruins, with their appendages of trees, waves, and glorious scenic panoramas. The objects of attention were so well divided

about the island that no day passed without its attractions. Messina and Palermo are superb towns, with every appearance of wealth and prosperity. Catania is finely built, but apparently poor ; and in every other part of the island the inhabitants are miserably poor, and ragged—having in their mouths one continual complaint of the extortion practised upon them in taxes, while those who are more enlightened declaim against the prohibitory system with regard to exportation of their abundant produce. And no wonder : for this extraordinary island teems with every thing that can be wanted for use or luxury, and casts forth the most beautiful weeds and flowers as something superadded to, and not interfering with, the crops. Besides corn and fruit in the utmost plenty (the former without manure), there is cotton, sulphur, silk, amber, salt, metal and marble mines, manna, saffron, alum, vitriol, agates, emeralds, and aromatic herbs of every description. In the midst of all this richness, the small population is miserable in appearance ; and as for money, no such thing (at least visibly) stirs, except what is brought by travellers. Two or three times we found no inn whatsoever, and accordingly went to the Capuchin monks, who did their best for us,

but could not do much, being themselves (according to their own description) “beggars of beggars.” The worst was, that their abodes were dreadfully dirty, and the fleas were absolutely hopping about the rooms like dust. Indeed *cimachi* and *pulchi* are the real evil of a Sicilian tour.

Some of our party suffered from them so much, as to pass whole nights with very little sleep—a very serious matter on a journey when the daily fatigue required the body to be in its best state. They disregarded me altogether, and for this I was an object of great envy to my companions. I have been very careful in forwarding to you notices of our progress during the whole time, as I thought it well worth while in a country which has not been so completely ransacked as many others even of minor interest,—and I have always looked on Sicily with peculiar interest, partly from that cause, partly from its Grecian inhabitants, and partly from its present decline in the midst of the full luxuriance of natural beauty: “*Teneris conceptus ab annis Mecum crevit amor.*” And now I have had the privilege of enjoying to the full my early anticipations. For which I am very thankful. We leave this with Angle-sani* to-morrow, and hope to join you in Rome

* A well known vetturino of the day.

almost as soon as this letter will arrive, but I did not wish to miss the opportunity of writing a few words. We did not receive any letter from you in Sicily ; but the whole system of the Sicilian post office is so ludicrous that I did not wonder at it.

THE Editor had gone for a few days to Rome, and had returned again to Naples, with the intention of passing a few weeks more amidst those lovely scenes, of which, as yet, he had not had a sufficiency.

90.—*From his Father to F. T.*

Geneva, May 13th, 1830.

WE made an excursion hither from Lausanne, (which is on our direct road to Paris,) in the steam-boat, and return by the same conveyance in an hour, having passed the latter part of yesterday and the night here. Our journey has been very prosperous hitherto, and the passage of the Simplon, which occupied eight hours, so easy, that good horses might trot up or down without danger. As a great work, it disappointed me. The road we came by Nice presents much more difficulty, and if equally well executed, as to breadth of road and defences, will surprise more. Perhaps the science displayed in overcoming the difficulties of the Simplon pre-

vents one from seeing how much was to have been overcome. We remained five days at Venice, living mostly in a gondola, which is a delightful lazy conveyance — one moves without hearing, feeling, or seeing any effort — the gondolier standing behind out of sight, and with a single noiseless oar drives you on with great rapidity. The houses and palaces are all neglected, except on the Piazza of St. Mark, and seem descending into the element from whence they were so wondrously raised. The Piazza is very different from and much superior to what I expected — a mixture of eastern and Gothic of the richest materials, of a style of mediæval architecture anterior to any which I have seen. The Venetian nobility are sunk to the lowest state of destitution. Some hundred of them receive, as I was informed, a franc a day from the emperor, to keep them from starving. Our *laquais de place* had lived as courier to Lord Byron. He spoke much of his talents, but said he was “*molto capriccioso*.” From Venice, or rather from Bologna, we travelled through the most fertile and (so far as the beauties of fertility go) the finest country, with the nearest succession of most beautiful towns I ever saw, to the base of the Simplon. We stopped a day at Milan, and a few hours at some of the other

towns where there was any thing worth seeing. If you pass through Milan, do not omit going on the top of the cathedral. Externally it appears to me infinitely superior to St. Peter's—all built of white marble and covered with the same material. After passing the Simplon we found ourselves in quite a different country—more resembling England in its productions. The tops of the mountains on each side were covered with snow. Vevay and Lausanne are very beautiful. Do not forget to make an excursion in the steam-boat, or otherwise, on the Como Lake, and a day, if you can manage it, at Baveno on the Lago Maggiore. But my time for departure arrives, and I must think of sealing my letter. We hoped to have had a letter from you at Venice, but suppose we travelled too fast. I hope you are now enjoying Naples as much as I wish, and that you have met some agreeable friends. The weather was very cold in crossing the Simplon, and is still chilly. We are surrounded by snow on the tops of the mountains. Your intended course will complete your circle of Italy, and bring you to some very interesting scenes on the Eastern coast. Remember me kindly to all friends at Naples, and believe me ever, dearest F——, &c. &c.

91.—*From F. T. to his Father.*

Naples, May 21st, 1830.

I RECEIVED a letter of yours from Geneva, but that was the last which reached me from you. I know no better plan than to send this to England, as I believe that you intended travelling without much delay, and letters sent to one town cannot be forwarded unless you have some person to call for them and pay postage. Accordingly, if you have not received mine which I wrote to Venice, I imagine the postmaster will have by this time denounced me as a carbonaro or treasonable liberal for my remarks on the state trial now proceeding here, &c. &c.

I have taken rooms out of the town of Naples in a cool and beautiful situation. Do you remember the Strada Nova, Murat's grand work, which ascends the hill of Posilippo, and winds along the right horn of the Bay? My apartment is at a house which stands on the left side of the road, and the foundations are washed by the sea. The view includes Naples, Portici, Vesuvius, Castellamare, Sorrento, and Capri, and at sunset presents a scene of remarkable beauty, with the light fumes of Vesuvius melting into the calm transparent purple atmosphere. For four

days, however, last week, there was a sulky sirocco, which obscured every object with a cloud of slate-coloured dust. Every leaf was covered with a light ashy substance, supposed to have come from Etna; but it is not yet ascertained in Naples whether there has been an eruption there or not; and the natives are not more zealous about the physical or atmospherical, than about the political state of the country.

I get up early in the morning for a very tolerable Italian master, though not equal to Incoronati, who certainly deserves the crown of his profession: but, however, there is one very needful supplement to the teacher here—an excellent library—rich in every language, and kept by an old French lady, who would ornament the bluest coterie of London. While handing down a book, she gives me an analysis of its contents—and, singularly enough, she has works of the most prohibited nature, and yet is not interfered with by the police, although so much is generally said on Neapolitan severity as to authorship, and on the difficulty of introducing a book expressing the least doubt of things being best as they are. I believe the government is so firm in its seat as to be very indifferent to the small amount of effect which literature has on the

Neapolitans—by no means a reading public, and much more likely to be roused by a tax on ice or fruit than the writings of a Voltaire.

I was much amused by reading in the papers that revolutionary disturbances had taken place here. Nothing could be more ludicrous than such a report, notwithstanding the long protracted absence of the king and the death of the prime minister. The government is too well supported by Swiss mercenary troops, with Austrian auxiliaries as a reserve in case of necessity. We expect daily to see the death of the English king. I dare say the Duke of Clarence, though eccentric now, will make a very good ruler. Wonderful developement of capacity sometimes comes with the need and call for it.

Non sì tosto il Lion fu eletto re,
Che un non so che di dignità celeste
Lo circondò, lo penetrò, gli diè
Maestà tal, che in lui creduto avreste
Esser in nuova inesplicabil guisa
Seguita metamorfosi improvvisa.

It will be annoying to me to get mourning here, after having established what I considered a sufficiency of clothes for my travelling wardrobe ; and the Neapolitan tailors are so indifferent as to their honor in supplying good materials and good work, that it is quite

vexatious. A person might go forth in the morning a well-dressed man and come home in tatters, with boots splitting and seams opening all about him, like an old ship in a storm. But what can be expected of tradesmen who shut up their shops and take a long siesta of two hours in the middle of the day? Alternately indolent and energetic, their indolence is profound, and their energy wastes itself in noise and unmeaning action. I suppose they are as destitute of manufactures or commercial enterprise as any people of Europe, and there is scarcely a native vessel ever to be seen, though the grand bay, continually before their eyes, seems to invite them to maritime adventure, and a walk along the beach would give a choice of crews innumerable, all ready to embark for the smallest pay.

I have been to Capua and Nola. Capua has an amphitheatre, which, to my astonishment, I found as big as the Colosseum, and calculated to have held eighty thousand persons. Drury Lane, I believe, holds two thousand five hundred. At Nola there is nothing to see, but the country around presents wonderful richness. I picked an oat above six feet high, and the vines are hanging in bunches of leaves and tendrils among the

corn, while the props are absolutely mulberry trees, supplying leaves for the silk worm.

As to parties, there is very little going on. I have been to the Duchess d'Eboli's and the Duke Teodoro's. The duke gave a very magnificent ball, with large rooms metamorphosed into bowers, fountains playing, gold fish swimming, and revolving tables to offer various sorts of ices! There are not many English in the town. Mr. Henry De Ros is gone. I dined in his company one day, and thought his manners very pleasing. Morier, the author of *Hajji Baba* remains, and I often see him. Sir W. Gell is expected, to whom I shall soon be introduced.

The trial of a prætor or governor in Calabria and his accomplices is proceeding, and it is generally supposed that the numerous charges of cruelty, plunder, and persecution will be brought home to him. Whether he will be executed depends on the will of the king, which is oddly enough denominated *The Royal Verification*. I was in the court a few days ago and saw the proceedings. There was something very curious in the character and situation of the five prisoners, who were placed side by side on an elevated seat. The first was the governor of the province, a man of high rank and influence—

the two next, his friends and accomplices—the fourth, his secretary—the fifth, a bravo, accused of committing with his own hand the murders and cruelties intrusted to his care. These men have been five years in prison, while every species of intimidation, intrigue, and bribery has been tried in their behalf during all that time. I was told that it was owing to the spirit and decision of the young prince that their trial even now has come on.

I mean to leave this in less than a month, and visit leisurely the scenes of Eastern and Northern Italy previous to entering Switzerland. Perhaps you would be so kind as to write me a letter to Florence. I hope you have had a pleasant journey, and to hear what you would recommend me as to the route in Switzerland. How I should have liked to have gone to take a look at Greece, now that her hopes of reinstatement are something more than a poetical and visionary affair!

92.—*From the same to the same.*

Loretto, July 17th, 1830.

THOUGH I date my letter from this celebrated shrine, I have not come here on a pilgrimage, nor turned Romanist after my protracted stay in Italy. The fact was, I had

no slight curiosity about several objects in this neighbourhood, which induced me to cross Italy to the Adriatic shore by Foligno and Tolentino. I took a place in a vetturino's carriage from Rome to Venice, and though he travels very slowly and tediously, yet I think I should have been compensated for quitting the usual wake of travelling English, had it not been for the extreme heat, which came on the very day that I began my journey. The thermometer at Rome was at 93, and the heat since has but slightly diminished.

We travel very early in the morning and very late in the evening. The vetturinos and waiters fan themselves with large fans vigorously and assiduously, and the natives drop asleep in a moment on the barest stones. In fact, a few days in really hot southern weather form quite a chapter in one's experience of life, and absolutely give one new criterions and new grounds to form a correct opinion of national character. I am sure that if Doctor Johnson had walked under the leaden cloak of a July sirocco, he would never have declared weather to have no effect on the mind, although his nerves might have defied a fog. However, I take up arms against Apollo, and feel a good deal of enthusiasm for the scenes around me, and before me—for

Loretto, the strongest hold of Christian superstition and credulity, for Ancona, the Rubicon, the Metaurum, (where in fact Rome was saved from the Carthaginians,) for the scenes of the strange mediæval Italian politics described in Machiavel, and of the French triumphs at a late date. I shall also pass San Marino to-morrow, a little republic, founded by a mason 1300 years since, and inviolate in its laws and constitution to the present day, as it was spared by Buonaparte, and strengthened by him, either from fancy or principle. It occupies one hill, surrounded by the pope's territory, and is quite Athenian in its democratic jealousy. I shall to-morrow see Rimini, illustrious to the stranger from Dante's love-story of Francesca, as Pisa is from his tragic lines on Ugolino.

I remained at Naples rather longer than was in my plan, partly detained by the beauty and fascination of its locality and neighbouring scenes, and partly from finding myself on terms of easy acquaintance with some well-bred Italians and well-informed countrymen. The former bore some of the grandest and most sonorous titles. They were most of them rather monotonous in character, but gay and obliging in their manners, and quite devoid of any affectation or exclusiveness—a

word indeed which they would be totally unable to comprehend, but which is only too well understood (and not without cause) in England. They listened to my bad French with the greatest politeness, and never missed an opportunity of offering any little service in their power. They seemed generally effeminate, much afraid of heat and horses, stared when books were mentioned, and endeavoured to shake off as quickly as possible any allusions to the political state of their country. At this I do not wonder. Such a formal, uncivilizing, expensive, ostentatious, military despotism as that of Naples I cannot imagine, or at least could not have done so before I lived in the country. The whole court is regulated on the strictest system of ancient Spanish etiquette.

All the country about Naples was teeming with the most verdant and plenteous fertility, and might truly be called "*Campania felice*." The vines hung matted and massed together in enormous festoons. The oats and bearded wheat were frequently six feet high, and the streets were crowded with the most luxurious fruits at the price of the smallest coin, figs one halfpenny, and peaches one penny a dozen. The sea-fruit, or "*frutti del mare*," (which is the indigenous word for shell-fish,) rivalled

their land brethren, and were heaped up in the markets profusely, and in most curious forms.

Since I left that territory the country has very much deteriorated in richness, but I believe Lombardy is not inferior. The cultivation in this district (the March of Ancona) is extremely neat, and one occasionally sees a country-house, rare as a black swan in most parts of Italy.

The vetturino has given us here a longer allowance of time than usual, in order to see the Santa Casa, and to allow his Roman passengers to derive such advantage as the sanctity of the place may confer. I see no pilgrims either with raw or boiled peas, (as in Gay's fable,) nor any of the princes and grandees, who used to crowd the place in ancient days ; but it was holy ground to our ancestors, and is holy ground to all the uneducated, and many educated, of the Romish church. The legend is, that the house where Mary and Joseph lived, and where the virgin was visited by the angel, was carried miraculously to a grove in the spot where I now write, in the 13th century. The house stands at present in the middle of a large Gothic church, and is about fifteen yards by ten, cased with marble sculpture on the outside, but left in its original state of

bare brick within, all blackened with the fumes of seventy lamps continually burning. Its treasures were partly taken forcibly by the French, and partly in an indirect manner by the treaty of Tolentino, when the pope was obliged to lay hands on them to pay the stipulated exactions. At present there remain but a few jewels, cups and candlesticks, but there is a revenue of £14,000 a year, spent on priests, pilgrims, hospital, dispensary, &c., and they are not endeavouring again to amass idle and inactive treasures. The schoolmaster has been abroad, and told them the absurdity of their previous plans. Among their ancient possessions was a statue of Louis Fourteenth (while an infant) in gold. He was carried in the arms of a *silver* angel. His mother, as a complete devotee, gave this curious article, and probably it never struck her that humility would at least have transposed the metals, and put the angel in gold, the child in silver. It might almost be taken as an illustration of the French court in those days.

I hope that I shall not be excommunicated at home, as an idolater, for buying some of the relics. The vetturino summons me to proceed to Ancona, eighteen miles off, a drive of about five hours, his horses being very unlike those of Achilles or Phaethon. I am by

no means sorry to quit the laurel-grove, (Lau-retto or Loretto,) as it is by no means devoid of fleas and other animalculæ. Notwithstanding the tediousness of the travel, I think it a better plan than galloping through such cities and localities. I argued some time with myself between the post and the veturino, and, notwithstanding sundry inconveniences, am not so absurd as to complain of the coat which I cut out for myself, and must therefore make the best of my present course.

93.—*From the same to the same.*

Ancona, July 19, 1830.

THE English consul has just sent me the Galignani's of several days. I was previously quite in arrear. The distress and tumults in Ireland have given me great regret, but I feel the greatest wish to be there, instead of congratulating myself on being absent, according to the bad, ship-quitting, rat-like spirit, against which one should be watchful, as one grows up to fresh claims and responsibilities. To maintain and increase patriotism we should dwell for a little in a country like this, and see the ruin, physical and moral, which its absence effects. I am now most anxious to change the sleepy and waveless calm of these dra-

gooned countries for the stirring political atmosphere of my own—to change the *Diario di Roma* or *Gazette of Naples* for the *Chronicle* or the *Evening Post*. Naples certainly deserves its ancient name of “*otiosa*.” I could hardly summon up resolution to leave it, though I knew scarcely why. Once however on my route, I am heartily desirous to be at home, though without any despondency or undervaluation of the scenes which I pass through; nor am I at all cold or negligent as to their effect; but I feel the natural wish to be again among friends and relations, in a word, *at home*, though I shall always have to look back with the most lively interest on the many objects I have had presented to me this year from Connemara and Killarney to Etna and Vesuvius. When I have visited Venice, and the towns of northern Italy, which lie in my course to Switzerland, I shall have travelled amply to last me for some time, and shall be very glad to quit the mental epicureanism of Italian reveries and Italian literature for a more manly course of study, and a more manly tone of society than is to be found among its play-discussing, dress-complimenting inhabitants. I am very grateful to you for the permission you gave me to remain and satisfy my curiosity to a fuller extent than would

have been allowed me otherwise. I hope that Venice instead of Florence was chosen to send me a letter, as I have missed Florence, and am acquainted with nobody there to get one forwarded to me in case it should be at the post. With Ancona I am rather disappointed, as I had expected some highly-preserved antiquities, and also a more busy commercial town. There is only one arch, much inferior to those at Rome, and the people seem all asleep, instead of doing mercantile business. I have not the least idea where you or R—— may be at present, but I shall direct this to Brockley Park. I expect to be in England in about six weeks, passing through Geneva, and then up the Rhine, after a few walks in Switzerland. I will write again from Venice.

94.—*From the same to the same.*

Como, August 2, 1830.

BEING now on the confines of Italy, I take advantage of this quiet and beautiful spot to give you an account of my progress, and to fill the present sheet, veritably *charta peritura*, if I may judge from its thin and miserable appearance. However, I hope it will last till it reaches you, but I really have not the least idea where you are, as I found no letter

at Venice or Milan, whither I directed any one to be forwarded that might have been sent to Florence.

I have had a very interesting journey since I wrote to you from Ancona, through a succession of fine and prosperous towns, which have very much improved my opinion of Italian industry and comfort. The character of Ferrara and Venice need only be excepted, and in them one sought other attractions. I was prepared for the plague-like desolation of the first and the crumbling beauty of the latter. Pray take a good map, and look at my exploits in travel. I have taken a course of nearly eight hundred miles since the 8th of July, and have been repaid in every part, particularly now that the heat has become moderate. Since I left Venice, it has not been oppressive.

My journey has been pursued in every mode of conveyance, from the immense boat in which I floated slowly down the Po and across the Venetian lagunes, to an occasional gallop with the courier. From Ancona to Rimini, in itself no short drive, the road was perpetually on a line of smooth sand, bounded by the blue waters of the Adriatic. The whole coast is evidently a *δῶρον πέλαγος*, and, though somewhat monotonous, yet was very refresh-

ing to one escaping from the dominion of the sirocco. Besides this, it offers a succession of small comfortable towns, with curious buildings for the antiquary, and souvenirs for the historian. I also came at the season of an important fair at Sinigaglia, still renowned and frequented from most parts of Europe, although degenerate from its former importance. There seemed even now an immensity of business, and the fair nymphs of the Adriatic pulled me into their shops without the least ceremony, being very anxious to convert a speculative looker-on into a purchaser. The worst of this district is the intolerable water. The poorest person will not touch it without *inspiring* it, notwithstanding the usual Italian temperance. One of the natives brought a severe accusation on the ἄριστον ὕδωρ, or first of elements, though perhaps the force of Italian language expressed more than was meant, as when they talk in the papers of of sugar being *in profunda pace*, i. e. remaining at the same price. In fact, the warning voice of my fellow-traveller said it would give the *plague* !!!

I have recently crossed the Metaurum, where Claudius stopped Hannibal's proud letters to Carthage,

“Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos—”

and a little further on the Rubicon, or rather two Rubicons, if we listen to the disputes of two neighbouring towns. The one who has the worst cause talks loudest, that is, on stone, and has built an immense stone pillar, affirming in the most categorical terms that the Rubicon flows under the bridge on which this monument is erected. It is a muddy stream of one yard wide, frequented by water rats and ducklings. The other is a real and respectable river, and received my vote as to authenticity, more from my unwillingness to obliterate a juvenile recollection of Cæsar and his mounted comrades dashing sword-in-hand into a torrent, than from any more precise grounds. I dare say you remember the picture in a little square red book of our nursery.

From Rome to Bologna I had as companions two Roman Catholic priests, who had just finished a long course of theological study at Rome, and were proceeding to take charge of parishes in England. They were well informed in general literature, and I liked their society far better than that of my next fellow-traveller, who accompanied me from Bologna to Venice. He was a young soldier, fresh from Malta, who bored me by the account of his own and the mess exploits; not the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, but at the porter-bottle and on the tandem seat. I

quickly established a character for unsociability, particularly as the “grass-grown and symmetrical” streets of Ferrara were not exactly the place where I was anxious to be much occupied about the larking captain and his splendid troop. Even the young hero felt the effect caused by Tasso’s dungeon and the melancholy town.

Everybody has some private theory on the poet’s confinement and alleged insanity, and I have mine : which is, that he became really very irritable on Alphonso’s insisting that he should write the history of the house of Este when he wished to be at his poem ; and we may suppose how trying it must be for a poet to be turned into an herald’s office-clerk. Accordingly, he shewed signs of what they called madness, insulted his haughty patron, and was also less scrupulous as to Leonora. *Ergo*, Alphonso became angry, shut him up, and said it was for his good. I copied his handwriting and that of Ariosto’s. Tasso’s certainly bears indications of a trembling and distressed hand—fancy might add, of a dark dungeon. Ariosto’s, on the contrary, is well-formed and confident.

Near Ferrara I embarked on board a boat for Venice, being curious to examine the peculiar districts watered by the Po and the

Adige, where land and water are in a perpetual combat for dominion, and where water would certainly get the better, if man was not the ally of land by building immense ramparts against the water. It must be a curious scene when they "put the rivers under guard," (the phrase of the country,) that is, station men all along the dykes day and night, in time of high floods, to repair any mischief that might occur.

The Po was large, slow, and stupid. Indeed "*Fluviorum Rex Eridanus*" is not generally a very interesting stream.

After winding along rivers, canals, and lagunes, we arrived within ten miles of Venice at night-fall, when a storm came on with extreme violence, and we went on shore near the Porto Malomocco, and grounded, (with perfect indifference on the part of the crew,) on the long strip of land which forms the eastern boundary of the lagune. Though I had to sleep in the rudest shed on a bag of straw, still I was rather glad of the accident in the end, as we entered Venice the next morning with peculiar advantage, sailing directly up to quay at St. Mark's, and then turning to the left among the beautiful palaces and delicate architecture of the Grand Canal. A brisk wind gave life and spirit to the water even in

the middle of the town, though afterwards I saw it as sluggish and unattractive as the most disparaging traveller could desire.

Venice has no reading-room, nor a single place where a book can be got concerning the town or its history and recollections. Even in the public library I could not get a Shakespeare ; and as for Sismondi or Daru, I might as well have asked for the Emperor of Austria's head. So sharp is the government in trying to catch the young fry of liberal literature, and prevent them growing into sharks, that every month a list of forbidden books comes down from Vienna, and is sent round these dominions. I completely lost my temper on the subject, and went off in the sulks, fully convinced that the wildest excesses of faction are not worse than the servitude called *established order and tranquillity* by those who rule in this land.

I spent my time for the few days I was at Venice, chiefly in the ducal palace and the gondolas, heard some strange and evidently apocryphal stories of Byron and Buonaparte, and questioned the boatmen and ciceroni as to the heroes of Venetian story. The family of Faliero is extinct, the Foscari are actors for their daily bread, and the palace of the Loredanos gave me board

and lodging. What a contrast to Venice in the prosperity of Milan, which I have just quitted, after one day's stay! It has very fine institutions, and I ought to have remained longer, but I am on the alert when I arrive in a town, and do not lose time. What do you think of my learning to make *terrasso* at Venice? *Terrasso* is the marble-like stucco floor, that most beautiful material, which I have not seen any where else than at Pompei, Bologna and Venice. I have got the receipt, and intend to make my fortune in partnership with our speculative friend ——. You will be amused, when I return, by a page or two of plans and discoveries as to machinery, cookery and government. The cathedral of Milan pleased me more than any piece of church architecture in Italy, not excepting even St. Peter's. The hospitals are splendidly supported. I see no such thing as a beggar or even a poor person, and yesterday there was a magnificent public fete given by some rich Milanese to their fellow-citizens. I shall cross the Alps to-morrow, but I am still in doubt whether by St. Gothard or the Splugen, and then pursue my course onward, probably by Zurich and down the Rhine, (I believe the quickest way home,) perhaps embarking at Rotterdam. I am really very anxious to hear

about you, as it is a long time since I have had a letter. Pray send a line to the Burlington hotel, as London will probably be a central point. Knowing nothing of English politics is disappointing at this time of business, elections, &c. What is going on in Ireland I know not, and Galignani is so crowded about Algiers, that he jumps the subject, and I have not had a glimpse even of this source of news for some days past. I will write again soon.

95.—*From the same to the same.*

Basle on the Rhine, August 4, 1830.

I ARRIVED here last night, having passed through Switzerland by Chur and Zurich, without stopping once since I heard the first news of the French revolution on the Italian side of the Alps. It was so exciting, that it completely expelled the interest in the Alps and snows and mountains, notwithstanding their extreme beauty ; and I hastened on till I could find papers and information, of which I received none till the day before yesterday, my previous news having been merely that from a passing traveller, with whom I had ten minutes' conversation, as I was going up the Splügen in my lonely char-à-banc. Yesterday my fellow-travellers translated the German papers for me, and told me all that was

known. Two of them were Swiss gentlemen, one with a brother, and the other with a son, in the Swiss guards *, and they received news that they were both safe yesterday. Last night and to-day I have had all the news before me in the papers, and seen an Englishman who was at Paris during the whole scene of four days. According to these accounts, the conduct of the Parisians, both in and during the revolution, appears to have been of a remarkably subdued character for such a time and event. The ministers of the king, as a matter of policy, must have acted most foolishly, to persevere against such a determined spirit as was displayed by the people at large. My word of mouth informant does not represent the conduct of the

* The consequences of this revolution fell more severely on the Swiss guards than on any class of the Parisians or French. Alison writes :—" One melancholy event alone darkened the universal triumph, and cast a tragic yet heroic air over the fall of the monarchy. A hundred Swiss, placed in a house at the junction of the Rue de Richelieu and the Rue St. Honoré, who, in the confusion of the retreat had been forgotten, defended themselves to the last and perished, like their predecessors on the 10th of August, to the last man. Several Swiss, betrayed by their uniform, were pursued and massacred by the people ; but with these exceptions, the insurgents made a noble use of their victory."—*Alison's Hist. of Europe, ch. XVII. sect. 82.*

populace to have been quite equal to what is told in the gazettes, but nevertheless says it was quite beyond any thing he has ever even heard of in the annals of revolution. At first I intended to pass through France, and see the state of Parisian feeling, but I am told that the conveyances are crowded to the greatest degree, and travellers meet with interruption, and, in some cases, are sent back. Therefore I shall go through a part of Germany and down the Rhine, and hope to be in London within the week. My wish all along has been not to delay on my journey, and, at the same time, to pursue a course which would give me the best opportunity of seeing new countries and scenes on my route ; but I am now very anxious to be at home, not from any *odium maris atque viarum*, or because my desires are by any means yet satisfied in seeing the *mores hominum multorum et urbes*, but because I do not like to be alone and without communication with my fellow-countrymen at such a stirring period. However, it appears England is to be motionless, and I hope she will be so, if things continue in their present train.

I suppose a war will take place in Europe, and the greatest number of people, with whom I have talked, seem to think so

too. The Swiss do not even return to their houses to look at their French newspapers, but read them in the streets by crowds, amidst the mist and the rain. There are very few English travellers to be seen in Switzerland this year, and several of the natives have asked me the reason. I could only notice the political state of things at home, which deeply interests so many of those who would otherwise be abroad. I know no other cause.

The diligence is just setting out towards Mannheim, and I must close abruptly.

96.—*From the same to the same.*

The Hague, August 15, 1830.

I ARRIVED at Rotterdam on Friday, after two days' descent of the Rhine, in the steam-boat. With the beauty of the river I must confess myself rather disappointed, and it seems to me far inferior in picturesque attraction to the Rhone, though the latter is comparatively so unknown and neglected. Perhaps it had less effect after the beautiful scenes of the south, and the grandeur of Switzerland; the weather also was bad, and the boat more like a coal-barge than Cleopatra's galley.

When I wrote my last letter from Basle, I was much hurried and excited by the strange

news of the Parisian revolution. The inn was full of English and other travellers. Some of them had left France in great trepidation. Others, who had intended to enter it, were waiting to see the direction in which the revolutionary wind would blow. Certainly, no one whom I spoke to, imagined that such a calm as that which has succeeded was possible, though it is very easy *now* to turn “prophet of the past.”

The revolution was achieved by the lowest class, and it is still a problem to me how the populace had obtained the lofty and disinterested good sense to relinquish temporary power and advantage in the way they appear to have done. It was probably the effect of education and the love of reading, shewn even by the Parisian hackney coachman and shoeblack.

I passed a day at Heidelberg. The students were an odd set, with their scarlet and gold lace caps, sabre-cuts on their cheeks, braided coats, and painted china pipes of enormous length and magnitude.

The journey through Baden was across an immense and fertile plain, covered with green crops of every description, in very small patches, and with numerous villages, straggling, dirty, and solitary. The country is

very much taxed, and the poor quite unassisted by the government. This was all I saw of Germany, and it presented a considerable contrast to the extreme comfort and neatness of the Swiss rural abodes, as scattered in the utmost beauty all round the lake of Zurich. The small lake of Wallenstadt seemed to me the gem of Swiss romantic scenery, and I had there the pleasure of seeing an Alpine thunder-storm, with the lightning playing about the pinnacles and natural spires formed by the Swiss mountains, and by no others which I have ever seen. All others which I have yet seen end in a round top, and this always fails, as the perfection of beauty. The mountaineers however, instead of being full of simplicity, united the two qualities of dearness and cheating, both in the hotels and as to conveyance, whenever they had an opportunity*.

I shall spend a few days in Holland, chiefly for the purpose of seeing the poor colonies of Frederick's-Oord, which are said to be very successful and flourishing, and of which something might be introduced into Ireland, for the good of our poor there†. As in all pro-

* Happily now all changed.

† The editor was just beginning to take an interest in such subjects.

bability I shall never be in Holland again, I think it worth while to go there, though the distance is considerable. When one is in good health and unaccompanied, it is the time to go to such places, though I am afraid I have not enough of the previous knowledge on these good subjects requisite to turn it to the best account. I go to Amsterdam tomorrow, and then shall cross the Zuyder Zee to Friesland, in which Frederick's-Oord * is

* The editor had been much interested in reading some articles in the 'Quarterly Review' on the prevention and relief of pauperism, where special mention of these poor colonies had been made : e. g. Art. VII. No. LXXXVI, Art. V. No. LXXVI, and Art. IX. No. LXXII. It appeared to him that the system might be applicable to the poor of Ireland, and hence originated his visit to the part of Holland specified in this letter. He inserted an account of the colony of Frederick's-Oord in some publications of the day which were most adapted to the subject, but can at present find no additional memoranda of his visit to the place. Nevertheless, he well remembers the interest of his whole journey, which was chiefly performed on foot—at that time rather an unusual mode of travelling for an Englishman, and, he may say, unexampled on the flats of North Holland.

With regard to the system of these poor colonies, one of the articles above quoted thus alludes to it:—"It is also the same which we have recently more than once brought forward while urging the adoption in Britain of the system of *poor colonies*, which has been, and is still

situated, and shall return for the steam-boat to London, which sets out on Friday or Sunday next. On arriving in London I will go as usual straight to the Burlington hotel, and

pursued with such complete success in Holland at Frederick's-Oord, and in other establishments."—Art. VII. No. LXXXVI.

The subject is treated at full length in No. LXXXII. Art. IX. of the same work, and is thus introduced :—
 " But the most interesting as well as successful experiment set on foot in any age or any country, to enable the intelligent pauper to subsist independently of charity, by the cultivation of the soil, is that which has been recently made in the Netherlands. To this we briefly alluded on a former occasion, but the principles here developed are so important in themselves, and so applicable to the condition of our own unemployed population at the present moment (1829), that we must recur to the subject.

" The plan of establishing agricultural colonies was warmly taken up by the public, and in 1818 a voluntary association was formed at the Hague for the purpose of carrying it into effect. They determined to make, in the first instance, an experiment upon a small scale, and purchased a tract of land, called Westerbeck-Sloot, situated near the little town of Steenayk, on the confines of the provinces of Drentle, Friesland, and Overysse." . . .
 " Three hundred and fifty acres of the waste were marked out and enclosed for the foundation of the first colony. The king of the Netherlands' second son, who interested himself warmly in the success of the undertaking, readily consented that the establishment should bear his name. Hence it was called Frederick's-Oord.

hope to find a letter. I imagine that London will be fuller than usual, as parliament will shortly assemble. Of the elections I do not know much, but see some of my acquaintance on the lists as candidates. Some are clever fellows. Others will not endanger the Thames. My time has been so much occupied in locomotion and sight-seeing that I have not had time to study the papers from England, even when I have met them, and my first demand has usually been the ‘*Constitutionnel*’ of France. It is evident, I think, that the French papers of the present day will contain a mighty chapter in the future history of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world.

THE Editor had been chiefly residing in Ireland since the period of his last letter from the continent, and the following letter was written at a time when a most dreadful famine was prevailing in the western parts of Ireland. It had been so extensive and deplorable as to have been thus brought forward in the King’s speech of that year :—

“Great distress unhappily prevailed in some districts, and more particularly in a

part of the western counties of Ireland, to relieve which, in the most pressing cases, I have not hesitated to authorize the application of such means as were immediately available for that purpose. But assistance of this nature is necessarily limited in its amount, and can only be temporary in its effect. The possibility, therefore, of introducing any measures which, by assisting the improvement of the natural resources of the country, may tend to prevent the recurrence of such evils, must be a subject of the most anxious interest to me, and to you of the most grave and cautious consideration."

98.—*From the same to the same.*

Crossmolina, Co. Mayo, June 19, 1831.

I HAVE now been for some days in several parts of this most troubled and melancholy district, and forward to you my Journal*, just adding these few words as a letter.

I have felt much satisfaction in obtaining an insight into various particulars of the prevailing want, instead of trusting altogether to the vague and somewhat contradictory accounts given in the newspapers. From the

* The journal which accompanied this letter was shortly after inserted in the 'Dublin Evening Post.'

little which, as yet, I have seen, I do not think the distress has been at all exaggerated, and am quite convinced that had not provisions and a large timely aid arrived, multitudes would have died of starvation. How could it be otherwise? In many parts the crop has *entirely* failed: while, indeed, along the whole coast, and very far inland besides, it could not possibly have lasted till the maturity of the new crop. Besides, there is no such thing as hired employment to be got, in consequence of the country being chiefly inhabited by people who are tenants of very small holdings. No money remained in hand from last year's crop, because there was scarcely any crop to sell. The fisheries, which had previously been a source of food and employment, have this year entirely failed; and, to crown all, the landlords, generally speaking (for there are of course some exceptions, as Mrs. Palmer and Lord Sligo), are peculiarly involved, loaded with charges on their estates, and destitute of ready money. There could not be a greater union of untoward circumstances, and multitudes would soon have perished had not great exertions been made to obtain subscriptions, though at the eleventh hour.

I walked from Westport to Newport the

day before yesterday, and saw Mr. Stoney, the clergyman of Newport, who is amazingly hard at work in supplying loans of small sums and in the care of two stirabout boilers, of immense size and capacity. I am told also that the priest has sold his cows, and every thing else he possessed, to provide for the people, who crowd and lie around his door all night.

From Newport I took a walk the next day to Crossmolina—fourteen miles, over a most wild and desolate country. You would have been amused, had you seen me at luncheon under a great tuft of furze, on oat-bread and a flask of port, which I brought from home. The guide was by no means clean or delicate in his appearance, and the only way I could give him share was by pouring it two or three times into the dirtiest hand that perhaps ever drank port wine. Happily for me, and most unexpectedly, I was saved from a very wretched lodging at Crossmolina by meeting in the inn-yard an old school-fellow, G.V. Jackson, whom R—— knew better than I did. He took me home to his house in my very rude costume, and to all the satisfaction of civilized society. His time, and that of all the resident gentry in this neighbourhood who are under the spirit of religion, benevolence, and duty, is entirely occupied in alleviating the distress

around. His father ploughed up a great part of his park on seeing the distress approaching, and it will shortly give a large supply of potatoes. Government have at last sent down commissioners, who have their headquarters at Westport, and travel about the country at a marvellous rate, but I have not heard yet of any very large results from their activity. They are in a difficult position, and I imagine that their instructions cannot have been given in any proportion to the vast demand on supplies, which an eyewitness sees to be absolutely imperative.

The country people here imagine that any gentleman travelling in these wild regions must be coming on the one important business of relieving, or, at all events, investigating their need. They have been constantly coming up to me to ask me to do this or that, and to get them *justice* (as they call it) from clergymen, priests, gentlemen, and committees, and I don't know who besides. In vain I tell them that I am a stranger, and have nothing to do with it. They take me sometimes for a spy on the money expended, sent over from England, and are not the less civil and attentive on that account.

At Westport I saw a number of people buying and eating sea-weed, and the market

was very destitute of provisions of any kind. Potatoes were from fourpence to sixpence a stone. In the midst of all this suffering, the people are all as quiet and well-behaved as possible, with the exception of some few instances, where sheep have been taken at night for food. This, too, at a time when numbers, on hearing that a distribution of any kind is to take place, come to make affidavits before the magistrates that their families have no provision whatsoever!

Probably I shall be at home by the middle of next week, and trust that the narrative of my visit, which is speedily to appear in the Dublin paper, may not be without some fruits of my endeavour, made in this journey, to help our poor fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen under the present dreadful visitation of the famine—truly, as Scripture says, “sore in the land.”

Westport, June 16, 1831.

TO-DAY is market-day, and the town is filled with country people. The quantity of potatoes or food of any kind exposed for sale is very trifling indeed, and even for that there appears little demand, on account of the scarcity of money. A considerable quantity

of sea-weed is on sale to be boiled for food. However, I saw several people eating it raw, and children picking bits out of the baskets ; others were bartering small portions of yarn in exchange. I have heard since that this is an article of food even in plentiful seasons, which I mention to avoid exaggerating even by implication, though to a stranger it certainly seemed a mark of urgent distress to make sea-weed a substance of nutriment.

On the quay I observed an immense crowd struggling for admission at a storehouse door, as if life and death depended on their success. Two policemen were keeping order, with sticks in full activity, aided by a priest, who was alternately speaking English and Irish to the people. On obtaining entrance, I found that a sale of potatoes was going on at two-pence a stone, for the tenants of Lord Sligo, in a parish where the seed has failed this year ; and I heard that the difference between that and the market price was defrayed at his lordship's expense. Nothing could surpass the intense eagerness of the people to obtain this assistance. They were warned that the potatoes were to be used only for the purposes of seed, and one man handed up a single sixpence in an old purse, with loud and pressing anxiety to be allowed to pur-

chase three stone. The parish priest, who was humanely and actively superintending the distribution, pointed out to me, among other instances of peculiar misfortune and suffering, a poor man, who had been obliged to shear his sheep in March, so as to obtain food for the price of the wool. The consequence was, that they died of cold shortly after !

June 17, 1831.

IN the evening I walked over to Newport, which has been described (and very justly) to be pre-eminently marked by distress. Some here have undoubtedly died already of absolute want. Immediately on entering the parish I saw two or three fields proving various degrees of destitution. One had been thoroughly prepared for the crop, but no seed could be obtained, and it is now under weeds ; a second had potatoes over about half of its surface, and even over this half the different stages of maturity showed in what small portions, at what intervals of time, and with what difficulty, the means of cropping it had been acquired—another field had the manure absolutely laid out in heaps, but, alas ! no seed was to be obtained, and it is now to be seen luxuriant with weeds. Imagine what a

state, where a crop of potatoes and existence are convertible terms. Near the town I met some of the peasantry with bags of potatoes on their shoulders, and having heard of the badness of the cargo which arrived here from Jersey, I examined some of them, and found them in a state which I had never before seen. They were more like a sodden half-rotten oak-apple, than anything else I can think of, and emitted a most noxious smell. It is an absolute fact, that from the sea-breeze blowing towards me, I very sensibly perceived the offensive smell of the vessel which brought them at two hundred yards off. Though I heard to the contrary, I was in hopes that these potatoes were taken for the pigs, till I saw instances of people grovelling among the very refuse on the shore, and selecting by the smell those which were the least offensive, a caution which would have scarcely been adopted for the above-mentioned animals. There were great fears that this food would produce disease and pestilence, and I mention these circumstances to show the extremity of distress suffered by the unfortunate human beings who are reduced to such nutriment.

Mr. Stoney, the clergyman of the parish, has done a vast deal during this trying season.

He supplies food daily to many hundreds, and I saw two large boilers full of stirabout, for distribution. Besides this, he has lent above a thousand pounds in small sums, for the purchase of seed and food, to be repaid by monthly instalments of two shillings in the pound, to commence two months hence—a mode of relief for which the people seem exceedingly grateful. Such is the extent of distress in the parish, that in a population of little more than twelve thousand, nine thousand are at the present moment in absolute want of food, and will certainly perish, unless large and timely aid is afforded to them. A boatman, who went yesterday with potatoes from Westport to Achill, told me, that so hungry and eager were the inhabitants, and so afraid of being too late for a share, that the coastguard were obliged to fire several shots over their heads, before they could keep them off and obtain order sufficient for distribution. All unite in representing this island to be utterly destitute.

Crossmolina, June 19, 1831.

A WILD and desolate country leads from Newport to Crossmolina, in the barony of Tyrawley. Though considerably removed from

the sea-coast, yet distress prevails here to a very great degree. Immense bodies of workmen are employed on the roads in the neighbourhood, and the poor people crowd around every person on whom their employment depends, with the utmost anxiety. The houses of those who are charitably disposed are surrounded from morning to night by claimants for relief, and many of them in a rank of life usually considered as above want or distress. Directly a distribution is talked or heard of, numbers come forward anxious to make affidavits that they have no food or means of obtaining it. In fact, throughout the county, even in the best of times, there is very little labour or hired service—the county generally being divided into exceedingly small holdings, and being very destitute of thriving farmers or persons in the middle class of life, each of whom would employ and take interest in a small number of their poorer neighbours.

The great subject of interest among the poor at the present moment is, the Relief Committee and their proceedings ; and upon this subject a stranger is unceasingly questioned, and no wonder, as upon the industry and success of the Committee in obtaining funds, and on their judicious allotment of

them, depends the very existence of immense numbers. Committee roads, committee ships, committee meal, committee money, is heard on every side, and often in the native Irish. A stranger is sure to be looked on as a Commissioner from England to superintend the administration of the funds ; and I have had in my short tour many petitions, complaints, and demands for justice made by those of the poor who considered themselves in any way wronged, although I positively declared that I had no influence, authority, or commission whatsoever. It is very gratifying to hear of no instances of gross jobbing, or serious perversion of money ; and the proceedings of 1822 would not now be tolerated. These recollections, in a considerable degree, checked and retarded the subscriptions this year. Otherwise English liberality would have been far more zealously exerted, and much misery prevented, for which the avaricious and the speculators of former periods have to answer in conscience, if not in law. Large and extensive works are in progress at Ballina. At Killala I first heard the cheering news that there had not been much distress, and that it had only just commenced, so that the district was fortunate comparatively with those I had lately traversed. In Crossmolina, I

passed a couple of days with a resident gentleman, who is occupied from six in the morning till twelve at night, in labouring to support the poor, and carry them safe through the present trying period. Attending committees, marking out roads, superintending districts, writing letters of petition and letters of thanks, giving relief to those who cannot work, and listening to innumerable demands of every description, amidst the racking and depression of spirits produced by witnessing a mass of irremediable misery ; such are at present the occupations of the active and humane at this lamentable season.

I was informed by an eyewitness of the fact, that the new potatoes, not so large as a cherry, have already been pulled up and devoured. There is every cause for continued exertion in obtaining subscriptions ; for although there has not been as yet a very large loss of life, yet numbers will undoubtedly sink under the succession of privations, which it is now too late to prevent, though much may be done by immediate aid. Indeed, a corpse-like and haggard look is becoming very general—the nose is becoming prominent—the eyes are sinking in the head, and the mixture of absorbing anxiety and

hopeless despair, visible in the crowds that congregate in the roads and around the houses of the clergymen, priests, and gentlemen, in these western districts, would draw tears from the most strong-hearted and stoical. Existence is all that is wanted, and even that cannot be guaranteed to the thousands and thousands of sufferers, who ask for no money, but merely for employment and subsistence of the poorest description in return. Much work cannot be at present expected from them, as the deficiency of food has most visibly weakened their bodies, and rendered them incapable of exertion. On the road between Crossmolina and Castlebar, some hundreds of the peasantry were collected with spades in their hands, intreating my fellow-traveller of the neighbourhood to give them employment. They were most thankful to have hopes afforded of their being employed two or three days hence. At one stopping-place I counted a group of seventy-two around us, all making the same demand—so pitiable where there are no means of granting it, and without one single expression of discontent or violence. I heard yesterday one of the poor utter a most noble sentiment—“Well, sir, we are not come to the worst yet—we are still honest—not a sheep

has been touched nor a house robbed.” I had a conversation with the Protestant clergyman of Erris ; the distress there is overwhelming, and few to mitigate it. Those who were previously well off are this year reduced to poverty—the poor to a state of famine.

But enough of these deplorable details. I add no note or comment, being well assured that plain statements of such grievous things as these always tell more in the cause of benevolence than any personal endeavours to stir up and awaken it by further appeals. It is well that the knowledge of them should be extended by the few observations hastily put together on the spot by a traveller over a great part of those districts, which of late have so forcibly occupied the attention of all who possessed a spark of humanity.

AMONG other measures for the benefit of the Irish poor, the Editor had taken an interest in the establishment of Charitable Loan Funds for the relief of the poor and industrious, and in hopes of extending that excellent system, addressed the following letter to the editor of the Dublin Evening Post, who inserted it in that journal. He considers that the *principle* of the measure is now as valu-

able as ever for application in any country.
1861.

August 4, 1831.

To the Editor of the Dublin Evening Post.

I SHALL feel much indebted to you, if you will allow me a small space in your columns, which I intend to occupy with a few observations on Charitable Loan Funds, as even an inexperienced person can call attention to a mode of assisting the poor and industrious classes, which, although partially established in this country, has not yet met with that general support which the efficacy of the system may fairly demand*.

Any sum, however small, (say even a few shillings,) may be considered as a poor man's capital; and to the labourer earning eight-pence or ten-pence a day, to the holder of a few unimproved acres of land, or to the distressed artizan, a sum of from ten shillings to five pounds will often be a service no less valuable than thousands to the speculative merchant or extensive agriculturist. To use the words of a person accurately acquainted with the condition of the poor, "there are many ways which present themselves to the

* The system was subsequently very largely and effectively applied throughout most parts of Ireland.

poor of making out a livelihood, and which they see clearly, but these matters cannot be had without capital—they cannot command this small sum, and hence all their poverty for ever after.” Nothing can be more truly and clearly set forth, and this brief sentence contains the secret of a vast deal of that want and destitution for which Ireland is unfortunately so preeminent. I have lying before me the Act of Parliament, dated the 11th of this month, by which five hundred thousand pounds are to be lent for the extension and promotion of public works in Ireland. For it we should be thankful. In the districts where the money may be spent, it will give employment, and be advantageous in divers ways. But with our present subject it has little concern. It is a vain endeavour to raise the structure of national prosperity without securing the base, and that base is a tolerable degree of comfort for the poor, to which nothing would more certainly tend than the existence in every parish of a small Loan Fund, to which those who are at once poor, honest, and industrious might apply in pressing exigencies. Ireland is precisely in the condition where such a circulation would prove of peculiar value. The rate of wages is so low, and the means of employing a

numerous family so deficient, that the whole earnings of the lower classes are expended in obtaining daily sustenance, so that however conscious of the benefits to be derived from a small outlay, they are unable to accumulate a sum, apparently trifling, but large to them, while it is incredible what suffering they undergo, and what sacrifices they are obliged to make to obtain the smallest advance, even for a few months. If space admitted I might make a long catalogue of instances. Rural usury often amounts to cent. per cent. Seed is supplied at sowing-time on condition that a double quantity of corn shall be returned at harvest. On pressing occasions, such as that of a funeral, five shillings have been given for the use of a pound during a single week; and a weaver has been known to pay nine shillings a week during two whole years as hire of a loom, of which the cost price was twenty-seven shillings! However, it is generally impossible to raise any sum whatsoever—a case which is still more lamentable and ruinous. The artizan remains idle, unable to obtain the price of tools and raw materials of work—the field remains unproductive and half tilled, perhaps altogether unoccupied for want of seed, and in the absolute necessity of imme-

diate support, the potatoes sown in the ground have been dug up for food. These instances undoubtedly refer to the lowest state of penury, but this lowest ebb of existence is unfortunately but too prevalent. Proceed a little higher, and a Loan Fund will be of equal utility to the objects of its assistance. Industry, sobriety, and regularity will be promoted among those who look to the possibility of becoming applicants, as they know that those of an opposite character would be refused, and most extensive gratitude will be spread among the poor in the neighbourhood of its operation.

Perhaps, at first sight, one might imagine that the poor would not repay the amount lent. A security (himself in a solvent condition) is no doubt requisite, but with this precaution there need be little apprehension of non-repayment, as the person offering himself as security must have well-grounded confidence in the character and conduct of the borrower before he would make himself liable to any loss. In fact, the more one examines the subject, the more one will be convinced of the punctuality of the Irish poor in making repayments. The Reports of the Committee of last May present the striking instance of the Derry Fund which had lent out, by

means of an original sum of 500*l.*, during twenty-one years, the immense sum of 27,000*l.* The loss by default of payment had during this time been only 7*l.* 1*s.*, or about seven shillings in each 1,200*l.* Other funds have continued for years and lost nothing. However, this would be too much to expect. Mr. Godly's evidence in 1825, page 737 of the Reports on the state of Ireland, is also worthy of the utmost attention.

A few peculiar facilities attend this mode of ameliorating the condition of the poor, e. g. pecuniary aid is required but once, as the charity, after the first establishment, maintains itself without any additional funds whatsoever.

The cost of setting up is very trifling, the whole expenditure consisting in printing a book for keeping accounts and loan tickets, which may be done for thirty shillings.

The money remains unconsumed, should it please the subscribers to apply it at any time to another purpose.

Extensive assistance is by no means necessary. Any one resident who can employ of his own, or procure by charitable subscription, a sum of ten, fifty, or an hundred pounds, may establish a fund of great utility to the poor. Supposing the loans are repaid every

week at the rate of one shilling and eightpence for each pound borrowed, the sum lent will be returned in three months, and besides this the sum brought in every Saturday may be lent out again the same day. Thus, supposing a constant demand for money, the original sum may afford capital every year exceeding eight times the amount subscribed. Twenty pounds will supply above one hundred and sixty pounds in the year, and even ten will produce no despicable amount. Therefore, no benevolent person who has an hour's leisure in the week, and approves of the system, need be deterred by poverty of resources, as there is scarcely any district where a small sum could not be obtained, either by private subscriptions, application to the landed proprietor, or collections at church and chapel. In England a plan has lately been set on foot of collecting funds by penny, sixpenny, and shilling subscriptions. Very large sums have been procured by this means for charitable purposes, and the hint may be worth notice.

Nobody would be more gratified than the writer, if we could see the Scotch banking system introduced into Ireland. But at present we can scarcely aspire so high. The object held in view in this communication has the humbler aim of relieving that absolute

poverty which is but too general, in an easy and economical way. *Est quiddam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.* Not but that the system, if widely diffused, would really tend to the increase of national wealth. A remedial system for Ireland's disease, the want of capital, should begin among the poor. Bacon wisely said, "Capital, like manure, does no good till it be spread;" and the 'Edinburgh Review,' in speaking of capital and industry, well observes, "that wherever these two elements of production are brought in contact, the result must be a vast increase of private comfort, as well as rapid accession of public wealth." What could be more conducive to this end than Parochial Loan Funds?

The Act 4th George IV, ch. 32, gives considerable advantages and facilities for recovering debts due to Charitable Loan Funds, and in other ways supports the system.

With the aid of a friend who had conducted a Loan Fund in the South of Ireland, I put together a few observations on the plan of managing the details, (being unable to find anything published with that view,) and had them printed by Curry*.

* They appeared in the form of a pamphlet, and went through two editions.

From a friend in England to F. T.

June 16, 1831.

THE interest of the loan system is gaining ground gradually, and I am in great hopes of being able very shortly to extend it into the neighbouring villages of this county. The plan of paying one penny for each pound upon receiving the loan, answers fully, and will, I think, nearly defray the expenses of printing &c. in the first year. Hitherto we have no losses from failure in paying the instalments, and but a few instances where they have not been paid to the hour specified, the insisting upon the fine of sixpence when they do miss, answers in keeping the borrowers regular. I am beginning to be very particular in accepting the securities, as I have had reasons for suspecting some have offered themselves as such without having any intention of fulfilling the engagement. The further I proceed the more I approve of the system. I have given some of your pamphlets where I hope there will be an effort to establish a fund.

From a friend holding an extensive land agency in Ireland.

July 15, 1831.

I HAVE got your Hints on Loan Funds,

and was very much pleased with them. They are perfectly clear, and easy to be understood. I wish every small town had a fund. Loans of every description must, on general principles, prove useful when they will make more for the borrower than the interest ; and they will be most useful when they can be paid off from weekly earnings, and thus encourage *regularity*, besides other beneficial habits, among our poor.

From his Father to F. T.

Brockley Park, July 16, 1831.

YOUR present visit to London is at a most interesting time in every way. Unless people are driven away by the cholera, or by the dread of it, the London season will in all probability be prolonged to the coronation in the beginning of September.

I hope that you have made good use of your present opportunity in calling on old friends, and renewing all good and worthy acquaintances. As we grow older we see more clearly the need of it, and the great disadvantage of that reserve, too often felt by persons of superior and delicate minds, which prevents them from paying visits &c. from a fear of *appearing* to put themselves unduly forward.

All this is usually mere nonsense, as if a *young man* ought to wait for spontaneous attention from those advanced in life, and often much occupied, specially in London. Such an one's existence, still less his place of residence, cannot be expected to be known there, and the elders, far from disapproving of it, expect the attention of a call from their juniors. I am very glad to hear of what you are doing in a more public way, and to see that London has not blunted your endeavours for good and benevolent objects. May you be successful in this as well as in every thing else! Have you answered Parnell's letter, in which he refers you to his statement* on the Scotch banking system, as applicable to Ireland? I think you may safely tell him that Scotch banks are quite above the wants and present capacities of this country, but that well-regulated loan funds are *now* applicable. Nor could the charter of the Bank of Ireland cause any obstacle in this way.

* "Under the circumstances in which Ireland is placed, nothing would so much contribute to her rapid improvement in wealth as the *introducing the Scottish plan of cash credits*, and paying interest on deposits. By cash credits, the capital which now exists would be rendered more efficient, and the paying of interest on small deposits would lead to habits of economy and to the more rapid accumulation of new capital."—*Parnell on Banking*, p. 176.

From F. T. to his Father.

Upton Cottage, Hants, August 26, 1831.

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday. You mention the death of my horse. I have no doubt that all was done to preserve him, so far as was in your power and that of those consulted for him. He was a fine animal. I shall not endeavour to replace him, and the only difference will be that of non-hunting instead of hunting. I was in a kind of equilibrium on the subject before, and now that the matter seems decided for me at present, I am quite content.

Ballyeagle school seems extending itself to such large dimensions, that it seems to me impossible it can be managed by the master alone, unless he adopts the Lancastrian or vicarious system of tuition, and drills some of the most clever and industrious of the scholars to enable them to teach the others. Would you have the kindness to send him a thin octavo, called the Barrington School, by sir Thomas Barnard. It is on the bookshelves in my room. The schoolmaster is young, docile and intelligent, so far as I judged, and I have hopes that he will not only comprehend the need and practicability of the plan, but also apply it. If you think it desirable, I will write him full details on the system.

I remained some days at Chessel, and am now at this delightful spot, which I always like. Though my portion of cares and wandering is small compared with that of many, yet still on such occasions I often realize the beauty of these lines of Catullus :

O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit et peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto !

I have seen our old *tutor*, Pritchard, old King and his wife, and several of the Bursledon villagers. They all inquired affectionately for you.

The Southampton people had the pleasure and, I will add, intellectual benefit of seeing Miss Kemble's performances last week. I saw her first in Juliet, and very much admired the solemnity, devotion and depth which she gave to the passion of the young lady of Verona. Having been introduced to them in London, I called on her father and her, with the intention of offering them any civilities and attention, as strangers in these parts, but I found that they were intimate with the Fitzhughs, and this was quite sufficient for all social purposes. Mrs. W. gave a large party during this week at Netley Abbey, to which they were invited. Miss K. climbed

most courageously about the ruins, and the hazardous places seemed the most acceptable. She has the advantage of a commanding appearance when *on* the stage, and when *off*, has much intelligence and feeling in her countenance: and there appeared to me to be an union of these qualities in her conversation.

I hope that the loan funds will spread in the Queen's county. The theory of the system is unexceptionable, and there is now an exemplification of successful practice at Stradbally. One was talked of at Ballybrittas, another at Mount Mellich, another at Portarlington. Perhaps you would let me know whether any thing is done in those quarters.

I hear that parish libraries are to be established throughout France. They are already in advance of us in the excellent libraries maintained for public and easy access in all the chief towns, and in many to which that epithet would not be applied. I mean where there may not be more than from five to ten thousand inhabitants. In addition to the libraries, containing works of general reference, and usually a rich supply of *local* publications, illustrative of the neighbourhood and its worthies, they have always a librarian of intelligence and kindly disposition to help and guide the readers and students.

There is a good deal of benevolent activity now stirring in England, from which we may be justified in expecting much improvement among the poorer classes of society. One among those measures, which at the present time meets very general favour, is that of apportioning small pieces of land, called *allotments*, to those who have no gardens or other ground of their own. A field is divided into small portions for the purpose, and there is a great desire to rent such land. There is much gain to the occupant, as he and his family occupy their spare time on the ground, and about the same rent is charged to him as would be paid by the farmer*.

I will write again soon.

103.—*From Lady Noel Byron to F. T.*

Hanger-Hill, Sept. 25, 1831.

I CANNOT say how much I have been interested by the contents of your packet. I had seen a slight notice of Liberia some months ago, and was struck by the prospects it opened to both continents, but did not know where to gain any further information. I am happy to learn that a home-colonization society has been formed by such zealous

* The system at that time was only in commencement.

friends to the long-neglected classes. As your kind confidence disposes me to speak with equal openness, I will own that it appears to me most desirable to avoid connecting benevolent institutions with *any* establishment, not merely on account of the state of the Irish, but of every "visible" church, though, as you observe, it is not in consequence necessary to leave "*le sentiment religieux*" uneducated. It is then always liable to be perverted to the worst purposes. Owen's error on this point has proved injurious even to the temporal prosperity of his favourite schemes, and it is to be regretted that he did not link with his excellent principle, "Be kind to one another—for this is your duty to God."

The proposed clause in Mr. Grattan's bill seem adapted to the exigencies of the case as far as I understand it.

I am anxious that whatever is in progress for the good of the poor should be made known to them much more effectually than it is at present. Perhaps this may be still more important in Ireland than in England, for reasons which, if just, will present themselves to you. In order to gain time for the execution of your projects, you must give to hope "a local habitation and a name," after all the vague and delusive promises which have been held out.

Were the discontented aware of all that is going on with a view to raise them in the social scale, those feelings of desperation which prompt them to violent measures would be abated, and they would no longer imagine that the welfare of one class must be attained by the depression of another. It is a great mistake to suppose that the publications of benevolent societies are even heard of amongst the mass of the people. Neither could the benefits intended to be conferred be understood *without explanation*. I have made diligent inquiries on this subject in England, and have ascertained by partial experiment the advantages of communicating facts of that nature intelligibly and familiarly to the lowest classes. The surprise and gratitude which have been manifested seem to prove that much good would result from organized means of imparting such knowledge in each neighbourhood. *Oral* communication has hitherto been made the instrument of preachers or demagogues. Why should it not be employed to make known to those who are so industriously instructed in their *wrongs*, that their *rights* are regarded by other classes? There might be a gradation of agents for that purpose from the gentlemen with whom loan-funds &c. originated, to the pauper for whose relief the

plan was designed, but in direct colloquial intercourse ; the people should be addressed by individuals from their own body. I think that reciprocal goodwill might thus in a measure be created, even before the actual experience of the benefit.

I see that the secretary of the society of agriculture in France has proposed to establish Dutch colonies throughout that country, one sixth of which is uncultivated. I have transmitted the circular letter (of which I should be glad to have another copy) to Mr. Chaloner, whose command over Lord Fitzwilliam's property and extensive connections might render him a valuable coadjutor*.

* The editor will make no further comment on this letter, than to observe, that it illustrates, in a remarkable degree, an observation subsequently made to him by the highly gifted writer, that "at a very early period of her life she had formed a plan of action, from which she had not deviated, viz., a series of practical exertions in behalf of her fellow-creatures, as the best mode of serving God." She added, "that she felt sufficient confidence in her powers, even at that time, to know that at some period or other she might be enabled to write a valuable work, but had deliberately surrendered this object for the sake of the other." No person could have written the letter above quoted except one who had made active and varied benevolence the study and practice of many, many years.

104.—*From F. T. to his Father.*

London, Oct. 12, 1831. 3 o'clock p. m.

THE town presents a very extraordinary appearance at the present moment. Every shop was shut on my way from Mount Street down to St. James's Square, which was full of people assembled from their different parishes in a kind of order of six or seven abreast. Some were decorated with blue ribbons, and there were placards in some of the hats, containing inscriptions, such as, "Equal rights" &c. Some were heard talking about universal suffrage—one man pulled out a quid of tobacco under our club window, and looking up, said, "This is all the poor have now, and they would not have that soon if the Lords had it their own way." Another man looked up to us who were on the balcony, and said, "It is your time now, gentlemen, but it will soon be ours." I mention these as a few straws thrown up to show how the wind blows.

The assemblage is very quiet at this moment, and I understand there is little fear for the peace of the metropolis, but this is of course in uncertainty.

The King holds a levee to-day, and the intention is to bring the people from all parts of the metropolis into the neighbourhood

of St. James's palace. It is supposed that there are above an hundred thousand there already, though the day is wet, dark and unfavourable. I see my opposite neighbour just bringing out boards to board up his windows, the house being private, but suppose he must be of a nervous habit, as I do not see his plan generally adopted. I saw a policeman take a pickpocket through the middle of the crowd, but there was not the least opposition or disapprobation expressed by the multitude. I cannot say that I have observed any inflammatory placards, but many of an opposite character, recommending peace, order and firmness. Birmingham is said to be quite tranquil, which is an excellent sign, as that town has a stronger political feeling prevalent in it than perhaps any other, and is thoroughly organized to the very poorest class, through the means of the political union. I was introduced to Thomas Atwood, who is at the head of it, when I was at Birmingham, and was much amused by the meeting between him and Robert Owen, of which I was an eyewitness. "Why don't you join *us*?" was the first question that broke from each of them respectively almost in the same words, and at the same moment. People seem to have taken a leaf out of O'Connell's book all

over this country, and to recommend the demonstration of immense assemblages, peaceful and organized. The system is new, and quite ultra-democratic. In some places violence has broken out. News came last night that Nottingham castle (the Duke of Newcastle's) was burnt down—the bishops are loudly hissed, and L^d. Londonderry was roughly handled on his way to parliament.

And now to more peaceable and pleasant subjects.

The plan for home colonisation in Ireland is proceeding as well as can be expected, considering the few who will pay quiet and persevering attention to such subjects, when they can find any thing else more exciting. A meeting was held for the purpose of promoting the plan, at which there were two peers, a few members of parliament, and about fifty others. A committee was chosen to prepare some measures. This committee appointed a sub-committee to give them a plan. I gave one to the sub-committee, which was approved of. It is as much as possible on the Dutch mode, because a national precedent and example is always more valuable than individual theories. This was written out and sent to the members of the sub-committee, and we are to meet for alterations to-morrow.

When amended, it will be lithographed, and I will send you a copy immediately. If approved of by the Society, we hope to make application to government for an experiment of the system. And this will, I believe, be supported by several persons of influence and property. Upon the whole, I think the prospect of introducing the plan is rather encouraging than otherwise at the present moment.

It is now five o'clock, and no tumult or disturbance has taken place. Hume addressed the people from Mr. Byng's house, apparelled in his court dress, and spoke of the king's having favourably received the Mary-le-bone petition. If I can get an evening paper in time, I will send it to you.

The boa-constrictor cast off its skin on Saturday night, and appeared in the morning, to the great surprise of the keepers, in a bright new coat. I suppose we must take it as a kind of omen of the times. No one can tell what changes may be at hand, and very great excitement prevails on all sides.

105.—*From the same to the same.*

Mount St., London, Oct. 1831.

I HAD some conversation with Mr. Grattan

about the Poor Assessment Bill, and after a considerable deal of talk, persuaded him to let me get a clause drawn up to enable any of the special vestries, which are to be formed under his proposed act, to borrow a sum not exceeding £100, for any parish to form a permanent loan fund, for the encouragement of the poor and industrious. I shewed him a good many letters on the subject. At the end of the conversation he expressed considerable interest in the plan, and promises to press it warmly should his bill be entertained, which, by the bye, is very doubtful. Pray do not mention what I have said, as far as regards my humble efforts. He also has a clause for a kind of parochial farm.

The expected majority, now current in conversation, against the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, is eight. So closely do people calculate on the subject. Some say that the majority against the measure will be much larger, and I confess that I cannot trace in any of their speeches that they are more inclined to yield than they have been hitherto. They abstain from making much allusion to the political clubs, unions, and societies. This, at all events, is dignified, whether it is prudent or not. These societies have now extended over three parts of Great

Britain, i. e. the midland and north parts of England and Scotland, and they are all resolutely determined on reform. Some people are apprehensive of tumults, but the organization is too complete to allow their breaking out. It is a striking fact, that the five first signs of the last days, mentioned in St. Luke, have taken place during the last year—nation against nation—one kind of sovereignty (*βασιλεια*) against another—earthquakes (off Sicily)—famines (in Mayo) and pestilence, exemplified in the cholera over the globe. So far as human confidence may prevail, I have a strong reliance on the stability of England, and that chiefly proceeds from the spread and use of the Scripture among the great body of the people. This keeps matters in *permanent* order, spite of occasional turbulence and interruptions.

Two or three people with whom I am acquainted have had the cholera, but in a light form, and they have soon recovered from it. As you know, I have seen it in its very worst and most appalling character. It comes on like a giant—like an “armed man” upon the helpless sufferer. May we and all dear to us be preserved from its fell attacks!

I was at a meeting yesterday for putting

in effect home colonization in Ireland. The result was, that the sentiments of the Irish proprietors are to be ascertained by circulars, and a report is to be drawn up, in case it should appear that there is a body of them sufficiently strong to recommend it favourably to government. A subscription was entered into by a few who were most interested on the subject, towards defraying the necessary expenses of making the subject known. Would you like to have your name put down for a few pounds in behalf of this object? When any thing has been done worth notice, I will send you word. The weather here is, and has been, delightful.

106.—*From his Father to F. T.*

Brockley Park, Oct. 19, 1831.

THANK you for your very interesting account of what is going on in London. Though I miss you here, I think it is good for one at your time of life, and with your habits and pursuits, to be in the midst of those exciting scenes now around you, perhaps seldom surpassed for claims on human interest, as a political crisis, in the history of any great nation. For my part, I dread an outbreak more in

London than in Birmingham or Manchester. In the metropolis, there would be two parties arrayed against one another. In the latter towns, all is in one way, and the organization is complete. Lord John and Lord Althorp expressed more *good-will* towards the Political Unions than I could have wished. What alterations do they intend to make in the new bill? I hope that they will graduate the town qualifications according to the wealth and population of the place.

I am glad that you are able to get any attention *at all* to your Home Colonies at such a crisis as this. It may encourage you, as it is really more than could have been expected.

107.—*From F. T. to his Father.*

London, Nov. 1, 1831.

I WAS sorry to hear of so many fearful outrages in the neighbourhood where you dwell, and I should be glad to know whether the cause is one which exposes the gentry of the country to personal danger. If so, I would return till such a period was past, not from any feelings of local duty, for which there is no claim on me, but because I do not think it right, or satisfactory to myself, that you should be exposed to any hazards or duties in which

I might either represent you, or at least take a part. I heard of a sad catalogue of murders within ten miles of ——, but have received no more particulars. You will therefore see that the above observations are by no means without cause.

I have had nothing to report of interest or excitement in London for some time as to public matters. Yesterday, however, an extensive meeting took place in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to form a London Political Union. I was there for a short time, and heard some able speaking, particularly from a man named Detroisier, who was bred a weaver at Manchester. He was not violent in language against the upper and middle classes of society, but cleverly advocated a separation of the working orders from the other two. There are many persons insidiously and mischievously endeavouring to promote this separation. The bishop of Norwich happened to pass through the crowd in his carriage in the midst of the speeches. At first, simply as a bishop, he was violently hissed and hooted at. Some one cried out, "Bishop of Norwich, a reform bishop." The hootings and outcries of insult were at once converted into "loud applause and aves vehement." It was an odd circumstance altogether, that he should hap-

pen to pass through a meeting of the kind.

I was in Irving's church one day when "the gift of tongues," (as some style it,) or (as others hold) the natural excitement of ardent minds, was brought into prominent action. The subject, as you know, is much talked of. Although, since the occurrence, the church over which Irving presides has been densely crowded; on that day there was only the ordinary congregation, rather, in fact, a small one. After Irving had finished his second prayer we were much astonished by hearing a female voice break out in loud outcries. The scene was very exciting, and to me the tones appeared very like those uttered by a poor man who went into fits at the Southampton Theatre when Miss Kemble was acting there. Irving made a sign to those near the woman to take her into the vestry, and during the passage thither she continued her exclamations. They were also heard from the vestry for two or three minutes. There appeared to be no division of syllables, and indeed the chief noise consisted in sounds of Oh! Oh! variously modulated from high to low. Irving rose majestically in the pulpit, and said that thanks should be rendered to God, inasmuch as the Holy Spirit had manifested Himself. When

the time of sermon came, he said that he would change the subject, in consequence of that which had occurred. He gave us a comment, with much skill in elucidation, on the 14th of Corinthians. Since that day the newspapers have had many articles on the subject, and, among people interested in religious matters of the kind, there has been much excitement. A large number of clergymen have come to ascertain for themselves what is going on. Irving especially dislikes this, and sometimes declaims against it. He says, in my opinion unwarrantably enough, that they should come to *receive* and believe, but not to inquire at all. So far as I can judge, the real state of the case is, that the sounds break out under a strong emotion, in which the intellect has little part, and that the thoughts which next occur are given out as the interpretation.

There are numerous attempts at representations of Mr. Irving in the shop-windows. I endeavoured to obtain one for you, but really they were so unsatisfactory that I thought it better to send none than a bad one, which would only give a wrong impression of the outward features of that wonderful and gifted man. Not even the printsellers themselves can praise them, and they tell me that better prints could soon be available.

I hope you got the sketch of a plan for forming home colonies which I sent on Saturday. There are no members left to whom I can apply for franks, or have letters enclosed. You can have no idea of the time occupied, and the difficulties incurred, to get the prospectus put forward and authorized, even in its present meagre and unsatisfactory state. The committee form an amusing medley ; but, after all, it is the best plan to have all parties mixed together. Owen, naturally enough, found his name a bugbear, which frightened many away, and, to his credit, he withdrew. By his want of religion, wild declamation, and overweening speculations, he terrifies sober people from the adoption of any thing conformable, in the least degree, to his own plans. I have no doubt that there is much good in parts of them, and no one who has been in New Lanark denies that there was much to be learned from his system, so far as refers to arrangements for physical comfort and good order in the establishment.

I passed a couple of days at Captain Percival's* house in Surrey, and much enjoyed his friendly hospitality. With that exception I have not left London since my excursion to Birmingham, which I mentioned to you.

London is now of course rather thin, but

* Now Earl of Egmont.

quite crowded in comparison with any previous season at this time of the year, and the parliament will probably meet on the 6th of December. I think it very grievous that nothing was done (whether provisional or permanent) for the Irish poor last year. The fact is, that however boisterous many of the Irish members are on other subjects, on that of poor laws they are nearly dumb ; I suppose by order of O'Connell. I read this morning an excellent paper on having the representative system introduced into grand juries, in the Evening Post. It has for the last three weeks come very regularly, and been extremely welcome.

Accounts of dreadful riots in Bristol arrived last night*, and were in the evening papers, but nothing particular was added this morning. Parts of the town had been sacked and burned by the mob, and it was said the military had been awed or overpowered. This seems by far the worst affair of the kind which has occurred.

* Part of this news was only too speedily and sadly confirmed. "The riot took place on the entrance of Sir C. Wetherell, the recorder, into the city, attended by a large police and special force, to open the sessions. He being politically obnoxious to the lower order of the citizens, a riot ensued, which was of several days' continuance, and

108.—*From the same to the same.*

Mount Street, London, Nov. 11, 1831.

I HAVE just returned from dining at Lincoln's Inn, which was so exceedingly full, that I had to wait till the first party had finished their repast. The materials of the dinner are just those recommended by the anti-cholera doctors—plain and generous—consisting of roast mutton and exceedingly strong port wine. As to London, I have not heard of a single case which admitted the suspicion of cholera. Many papers, in the way of trade, keep up the excitement, as they do all other excitements, by all the means in their power, in order to be more read and circulated. The White Conduit House alarm was entirely got up by the newspapers.

I received the other day the '—— Journal,' and certainly it was by no means a party production. I really think it was the only ordinary kind of newspaper which I ever perused, of

which did not terminate until the mansion house, the bishop's palace, several merchants' stores, some of the prisons (the inmates liberated), and nearly one hundred houses had been burned, and many lives lost, Oct. 29, 1831. Trial of the rioters, Jan. 2, 1832. Four were executed and twenty-two transported."—*Haydn's Dict. of Dates, Art. Bristol Riots.*

which I was unable to discover the politics. No praise this, for I don't think the editor has any. The publication is truly Bœotian.

In times of varied excitement like the present, I understand that the newspapers have a vast deal more influence, even on subjects devoid of any considerable interest, and are a great deal more purchased, than in the more tranquil periods. The reason appears to be, that many people give up for a time their more solid reading, as inappropriate to the moment, except for the hermit, anchorite, or speculative philosopher. You can have no conception of the quantity of small cheap publications now in circulation among the poorer classes, some of them written in the most violent language, calling the king Mr. William Guelph, the lords and bishops by their mere names without any addition, the soldiers man-butchers, &c. &c. There is a great deal of political violence and asperity about, and a large body (I am sorry to say) seems determined not to wait the necessary time for making any such arrangements as would gradually lead to fair representation and all its accompanying benefits. A man will submit without murmur to a law that he has assisted in making, though it be ten times as severe as that made exclusively by

others. I have heard that in the really free states of Switzerland, and in some American states of the same constitution, social regulations, and those of the police, are far more strict than any thing known even in despotic countries.

I suppose that party spirit runs even higher still in Ireland. Here, politics are more a matter of speculation and private judgment, and only mobs shew violence and fools private animosity on account of political tenets or actions ; but at present the tendency in Ireland is unfavourable on these points. If a person has strong convictions of political action being a duty to every acting and thinking man, and on these politics has perhaps very decided opinions, I believe the best way for him is to be very abstemious in private conversation on these points, without the smallest relaxation of his efforts, when public opportunity occurs. This may save a man from much annoyance. Mere party topics are to me distasteful in every respect, but when I use the word *politics*, I mean quite a different thing, viz. "the study of what is for the happiness of the people at large, and practical furtherance of the results drawn from such study."

Since I have been in London I have ventured to write a pamphlet, which I hope you

will like, though I know it is but a poor production when the exceeding interest of the subjects which I attempted to handle are taken into consideration. The fact was, I did not like to let the opportunity of the Bristol riots, and the consequent excitement on the state of the labouring class, to slip by without making a few observations connected with the state of our population generally. I have alluded to the want of a more organized system of education throughout the country, to the disunion prevalent among different classes of society, and to certain means by which the poor may unite, not for political purposes, but for obtaining various comforts and advantages, both physical and moral. "Rather a daring attempt for a youngster," you will probably say. But I know you never discourage such things, and therefore I write quite freely about them. All I can say is, that I take to print merely with the desire to be useful. Yesterday I received the first proof sheet. Please not to mention this to anybody at present. Only one person knows of my proceeding, and that was for the sole object of obtaining advice about the introduction or omission of certain passages in the pamphlet.

109.—*From his Father to F. T.*

Brockley Park, Nov. 14, 1831.

YOU need not be under any apprehension, my dear F——, of any personal risk in my remaining at my post. In fact, the rumours you have heard have been extremely exaggerated; but there have been two bad cases of murder in this neighbourhood, one near Moyenna, and another at the Clogh collieries, within ten miles of this place. That at Clogh was for taking *over the head* of a farm occupant, as well as I can understand. There have also been some cases of minor outrage, but nothing like any systematic attack on the higher classes.

In the three counties of Kilkenny, Queen's, and Carlow, the clergy can get no tithes or composition. As yet the system does not extend much farther than the diocese of Dr. Doyle, who has used all his apostolic influence against their payment; and has gone so far as to lay himself, in my opinion, open to prosecution. In the meantime, the poorer clergy suffer great distress, and have petitioned government in large bodies, but as yet without any result.

I read your prospectus of colonization with great interest, and highly approve of it, as

far as you have gone into detail, but it must be necessarily meagre in the beginning. It is as well that Owen should have seceded from the committee, as a prejudice is naturally excited against him, both from his own failures, and from his rejection of a religious foundation. As far as you have gone you have been sowing the seed, but until the question of reform is settled, I have little hope of the project being taken into parliamentary consideration.

The loan-fund here prospers, and has done great good in many instances—no harm in any.

S—— T—— and I had a long argument on the 14th Corinthians and the gift of tongues, Irving, &c. I wish I had had your plain, sensible, and satisfactory eyewitness statement of what really passed. Have you any objection that I should sometimes read an extract from your letters, and leave the choice to my discretion. They are very interesting indeed in the present most exciting times *—

* In order to corroborate this notice relative to the extreme excitement of the time, the editor may remind his readers that the whole country had been agitated for some months to its very centre on the question of Reform, proposed in the House of Commons by Lord John Russell, March 1, 1831. In the House of Commons there had

specially as from London. What are your plans as to remaining in England or joining me here? I should be sorry to counteract your objects or your wishes, but I should be delighted to see you whenever you have no particular reason for staying in England.

110.—*From F. T. to his Father.*

London, Nov. 19, 1831.

I HAVE begun my dinners at Lincoln's-Inn, where I met several old friends, from whom I had long been separated, with much gratification. Among them was my old Harrow classman and competitor Fitzherbert, who was as cordial and good-natured as ever. He is determined to advance in his profession, and will, I expect, succeed—but this is not an easy thing now that all professions are so

been several divisions in favour of the measure, but these had been defeated in the Lords, where, on May 7, there was a majority of thirty-five against ministers. On this they resigned. Great agitation ensued: and they resumed office on the King giving them power to create additional peerages towards carrying the measure in the Upper House. This was finally done June 4, and the Royal assent given June 8. This whole year, with the end of the preceding one, was marked by the strongest political excitement.

overstocked in this long continued peace. Every line is crowded—church, law, and, above all, when people can get into it, the diplomatic order, into which you once thought of my going.

I have been introduced to Prof. Smythe, of Cambridge, by his nephew, O'Hanlon, but had not an opportunity of much conversation with him. What a fine head and intelligent countenance he has! I thought him very like Mr. Dunne, the great Platonic scholar and preacher.

R—'s verses are in the 'Casket,' of which I will send you a copy next week. They are in very good company, e. g. with those of Rogers, Scott, Byron, Campbell, &c. The book, as I mentioned to you, is for a family in decayed circumstances, and is published by Murray, in a first rate style of typography.

I dined a few days ago with Lady Byron at Hanger Hill, not far from Ealing. I like her society very much, and consider her one of the cleverest and most benevolent persons I ever met in my life. Her history, of course, must make her of peculiar interest to all who know her. Her daughter is now about sixteen, with a fine form of countenance, large expressive eyes and dark curling hair. Her features bear a likeness to her father's,

but require some observation before it appears strongly. Then, I think, it does. At present her health is delicate, and she is obliged to use crutches. I am sure that you will be interested on hearing both of the mother and daughter, as so much connected with the poetry of our day. How much my dear mother, with her strong though chastened interest in Lord Byron's history and writings, would have felt at seeing his wife and child! I had much pleasant and (to me) profitable talk with the former, and nothing could be more simple, and at the same time more forcible and original than the tone of her conversation. She is deeply read in all useful subjects, and at the same time most practical in all details of action for the good of her fellow creatures.

I have just finished Moore's Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald. He does all he can to make him a complete hero, but I was rather disappointed with finding so few evidences of talent or powers of mind in him. The filial and domestic letters in the first volume are delightful and engaging, but have little to do with the leading points of his life, to which they are preparatory. Very little is said of Pamela, whom he married (it appears) after a month's acquaintance.

Some assistance is given in the work for

a fresh rebellion in the descriptions of the way to defend a town against troops by barricades, &c.; and nobody can at all approve of or justify L^d. Edward's killing any one sent officially to take him prisoner.

A brief letter of mine in behalf of the destitute French clergy has appeared in the papers, and a considerable sum in their behalf has resulted from its publication. A few lines in the 'Times' is better than a volume in any other way for such good purposes.

Hoping that you continue well, I am, &c.

111.—*From the same to the same.*

London, Nov. 22, 1831.

LET me send you the famous receipt of Sir M. Tierney against cholera, lest it should visit you, as it does so many. It is very simple. When attacked, take twenty-five drops of cajeput oil. If it is not effective in stopping the mischief at once, take 50 drops more in five minutes after without any hesitation.

One of the French clergy, of whom I recently spoke to you, called on me this morning to thank me for my humble efforts to obtain for them some aid in their time of need. He is sixty-three years old, but the youngest of the sufferers—in fact, not one of

the seventeen cases which I sent to the newspaper is of men under seventy. The late revolution has entirely deprived them of the pensions which they used to receive from the reigning branch of the Bourbons. They have not been able to turn their hands to any other resources, like their younger brethren. The present king of France was applied to on their behalf last February, but, as yet, has done nothing for them. Sixty pounds has been sent in, as a beginning, in consequence of the late appeal, and some attention has been directed to them personally and individually.

I have just read the first half of General Arthur O'Connor's letter to Lafayette on the reasons why France has lost so many of the advantages which he considers she ought to have derived from the recent revolution. He dwells much on the inordinate power of the *bureaucracy*, and (as it appears to me) very judiciously enforces the benefit of the people, through their representatives, or in some way or other, having the privilege of appointing their local functionaries, instead of all being left to one central, i. e. Parisian or ministerial appointment.

I was rather amused at the contrast of opinion between two parties called liberal, regarding my pamphlet about the Bristol riots,

education, &c. The ‘Morning Chronicle,’ in noticing it, called it “an excellent pamphlet,” on which Cobbett attacked both that paper and me in a most unmerciful way, making an extract from my production, and favouring me with the epithets of knave, fool, &c. Some of our friends would say that his condemnation is the very best praise, and I am not sure that they would be altogether wrong.

You mention the distress and most trying contests for tythe among the Irish clergy. Surely, if they cannot enforce their rights in any legitimate way, then, so long as these *are* their rights, the government should step in and do it for them, or, at all events, should not suffer them to be losers. They are public functionaries, and is it not a great want of political principle and honesty to suffer the spiritual guardians of the people to starve in consequence of the inability of the executive government to enforce their rights? Even if a man’s windows, are broke in a riot, the hundred, in which he dwells, must, I believe, pay for them; and so it appears to me that the State, holding the general funds of the country under its hand and regulation for all needful disbursements and demands, should secure what is due to individuals, and

admitted to be due, though there are no available means to enforce payment. How fond people sometimes are of non-intervention! I see that the French ministry have lately got into a scrape by *non-intervention* in relief of the starving workmen at Lyons.

112.—*From the same to the same.*

London, Nov. 26, 1831.

I HAVE just returned from a short run to Cambridge, where I met several of R—'s friends, and was most hospitably treated—e. g. in one day breakfasted with Brookfield at Trinity, where I met Kerry, Lord Lansdown's son, who talked of building at Loughnacurran. I praised the site strongly, as it well deserves. Dined in company with Tennyson, a real poet, rare as such personages are now. Attended the Debating Society; and finished the day by supping at Blakesley's rooms, where I met Thirlwall, Whewell, and Hallam, all men of first-rate abilities.

May I ask whether you know Forster's Essay on the indisposition of men of taste to Evangelical Religion? I have just read it for the first time, and though it is quite in a different line from his Essay on Decision of Character, it appears to me not less valuable.

Indeed, if it helps to expose the secret springs of such prejudice, and leads to their being resisted and overcome by men of education and refinement, it must be considered as even more valuable still. I dare say you have the book, though I do not remember your ever having noticed it to me among the many good authors whom you have suggested for perusal.

I have not confined myself alone to Mr. Irving, but as you were interested in what I said about him and his church proceedings in a former letter, and as these matters afford such an intense interest at the present time to so many of our relatives and others among the upper classes of Ireland, I will send you a few more particulars on the subject on a future occasion. Many clergymen of our Church attend his ministry, besides distinguished laymen and lay-women; and I believe that he has done a vast deal of good by his clear and most eloquent preaching. He speaks a great deal of our Saviour, and describes all who are true believers in Christ as saved already, through faith, and dwells a great deal on the future coming of the Lord in His glory*.

* The Editor cannot say, at the present moment, whether he heard any thing *heretical* or not, in these few ministra-

Irving's position is as different as possible from that which he occupied when I remember going with you and my dear mother to hear him in the full tide of his London popularity among the upper classes some years ago. That was at the Caledonian Asylum chapel, when there was quite a rush of the most intellectual and distinguished people of London to hear him. I can even now remember the throng of carriages, and the stories of some favoured magnate, who could not otherwise get a place, being put in through a window as his only opportunity. Among others who went were the Duke of York, Lord Liverpool, Canning, Brougham, and Macintosh, besides a host of others—some going for really religious improvement, and multitudes of others to see him, and hear him as the great oratorical lion of the day. I remember well that one of the two or three sermons I heard there was nearly three hours long*, and he used

tions. His present impression is, that from his limited theological knowledge at the time, he would not have perceived it, if of a subtle kind—if of a glaring kind, would have heard no more of them.

* Mr. Irving was not less eccentric in the occasional length of his services than in other matters. The Editor heard an account of his conducting family worship in the evening at the house of one who had invited him. He had gone on so long, that, at last, the master of the house ven-

now and then to sit down and take breath and rest. All this has long passed away. He has now been ejected from the National Scotch Church, and ministers to a flock of his own special followers.

113.—*From the same to the same.*

Chessel, Sept. 14, 1832.

I HAVE now been here since the ninth. To-day we are going to dine at Lord Dundonald's, and I am rather curious to see this hero of the ocean in his own Hampshire home. The day before yesterday I went with Mr. Napier—brother of the author of the Peninsular War, and an intelligent, liberally-minded man—to the Mechanics' Institute in Southampton. Bullar gave a lecture, which was very well received. I am very much obliged for the Irish papers, but am sorry to see by the 'Leinster Express' of this morning that the cholera has come so near to you as Maryborough. I hope that the best remedies

tured to address him some hint that it was time to bring his exposition to an end. Indignantly turning towards him, Mr. Irving exclaimed, "Who art thou, O man, that dost presume to interrupt the man of God in his ministrations?" Those who knew his figure, manner, and voice can only realize to the full the silence and awe which instantly ensued.

will be ready in the house, so that something may be done if anybody is attacked.

I have just read a portion of Mr. Atwood's evidence on the currency, and should like to know your opinion of the view which he entertains, that employment depends more upon the abundance of circulating medium, and the facility for putting into life and energy the capital of a country, than upon its mere existence or quantity.

I see by the 'Chronicle' that a bank in London for the exchange of articles without the intervention of money payments has succeeded in its early stage, and as an auxiliary to previous measures, I look on this species of barter as a system which, if judiciously and honestly worked out, may prove of considerable benefit to the *artisan* class of society. A carpenter is unemployed for two days of the week. With part of his wages for the other four days he buys the raw material for making a table. He takes it to a kind of labour-mart, or co-operative bazaar, and has it valued, say as the result or due production of two days' labour. The manager of the bazaar, or a committee appointed for the purpose, gives him a ticket, entitling him to another article, valued at two days' labour of a man similarly skilled in

some other trade of equal pay, or to two or three more small articles to the same amount. Thus he may get a hat, a waistcoat, a candlestick, or any other article brought in upon the same principles. The ticket or labour note is then destroyed. You will see that the difficulty here is in getting just valuers. There are modes, however, of overcoming this difficulty in prospect; but, should it be impossible, there is another resource, viz. by preventing any person from taking out one article of such or such value till another has agreed to take his, considered by him of the same value. The absence of call for an over-estimated article will bring things to a right standard. I expect some valuable results from this system, as likely to give the workman a larger portion of benefit in his work, and as a mode of desirable employment for time now passed in total idleness, from the absence of employment given by the capitalist.

I hear that R—— is much employed in theological studies, and am sure that he will pursue them with his usual zeal and industry, and that he and F—— are very kind in taking pains with the Garrons population. They much need it. Something has been done for their benefit, but much more is requisite.

114.—*From the same to the same.*

Hen and Chickens, Birmingham, Oct. 4, 1832.

I ARRIVED here last night, after a very slow journey of sixteen hours, from London—shall remain here to-day, and leave it for Liverpool or Holyhead according to the appearance of the weather, and the probability of a smooth or rough voyage, which makes more difference to me than to most people. I met major Mahon, son-in-law to the bishop of Norwich, the day before yesterday, and he told me that the bishop's ordination was to be on Saturday next. He spoke also of the extreme difficulty of obtaining any curacy at all. Blencowe, a friend of mine, whom I spoke to on these subjects, partly in consequence of a commission from Townshend*, told me that a London curacy was not difficult to be obtained, in consequence of the small salaries comparative with the expense of house-rent and general living.

While in London I visited the Exchange bazaar, which I mentioned to you. Though it had only commenced a few days, a great deal of business was going on, and the working men seemed to be full of zeal and interest in the subject. I foresee, however, some diffi-

* Afterwards Bishop of Meath; a valued friend of the Editor.

culties in this particular instance, chiefly from its being too extensive for a mere beginning.

There are two or three bodies of persons hard at work in London for introducing something on the home-colony plan, but even in such an object schism, dispute, and party-spirit seems, alas! to creep in; and I do not think much will be done at the present time in England, still less in Ireland, where the strong political feelings and feuds which prevail, and will take some time to subside, almost preclude any such thing as general improvement of the people, except through private efforts. These, I trust, will continue and be multiplied.

Processions of the unemployed have taken place here in Birmingham, and they are said to have presented a most haggard and melancholy appearance. The walls are chalked with expressions of the most shameful description, and violence of spirit seems to predominate on all sides. What will be the end of it all? A manufacturing town under the lash of political agitation is a moral pit of snakes like that of Dante.

I forgot to mention, that, while at Chessel, I had one day an opportunity of witnessing a very curious scene at Lord Dundonald's. You know that he is full of zeal and enterprise

about steam carriages for the road. He has built a vehicle of a construction singularly compact and small. I was present at one of his experiments, when, instead of starting, part of the engine, chiefly the wheels, went to pieces, under the power of the steam. His lordship, Urquhart and myself were the only persons present beside the workmen, the experiment being made in the stable-yard. When the iron began to fly in pieces, the two amateur visitors retreated, I must say, without hesitation. As the mischief went on, all the workmen retreated too, and stood in a circle to see the results, but his lordship held his ground, and absolutely kept walking round the engine, and putting his head down among the machinery to see what was going on! I don't think I ever saw a greater specimen of cool courage in my life. It was a singular sight, and quite illustrative of a character in which fear seems not to exist.

I had a ride one day with Mr. Sturgess Bourne; he was so good as to give me his political and economical opinions very openly. He is in great alarm about the state of the country, and doleful beyond measure about Ireland. He considers that the Dutch colonies have failed, as it was found they could not pay what they expected. William Allen, the

quaker, is just gone there, and I hope he will clear up the matter, and present a more cheering report. I myself do not believe that they have failed to any great extent. I used to hear just the same remarks after I had returned from Holland, and witnessed their success and increasing extension.

115.—*From a Friend in the Queen's County,
Ireland.*

Oct. 18, 1832.

As you ask my advice on your answer to the invitation* to stand for this county, I say, Come forward by all means, if there is any fair prospect of success. Do not vote for the repeal in any way, nor give any pledges. To go into parliament pledged in any way is

* The Editor would be unwilling to omit all allusions to this subject. Soon after this period, political questions lost that amount of interest on his mind, which they then occupied, and were replaced by subjects more connected with his present profession. The freedom of action which was always allowed him, the political principles on which he was bred up, the strong desire for public service towards the improvement of a country then deeply distressed and disturbed, though now so happily and abundantly improved—these, perhaps, were among the chief reasons why he entertained at all a proposal of the kind. To abstain altogether, under certain circumstances, is the wisdom of advanced, not of youthful days.

virtually to be the slave of the undefined opinion of the most noisy of the voters. Every thing will depend on the registry. If the landlords feel that their interest in the new constituency is weakened, they may perhaps be disposed to lend their influence to one of their own order, whom they could depend upon, *and* whom the people would consent to return, rather than see the return of some ultra-liberal repealer. Again, if the registry proves very democratical, such a candidate is sure to come in. But if the registry proves decidedly conservative, some one of similar politics will of course succeed, and you would not.

So far as I judge, this is the state of affairs as bearing on your prospects.

Do not give any person the power of putting an extinguisher on your claims, but keep perfectly quiet for the present. You will soon hear more on the subject.

116.—*From his Father to F. T.*

Brockley Park, Dec. 6, 1832.

I HAVE had some full conversations with two or three of your best friends here, and they unanimously agree that electioneering matters are not yet sufficiently ripe for you to leave London and come over here. It is

more easy for others to obtain an unprejudiced view of your chances of success than if you were amongst us ; and you will be able, when absent, to form a cooler judgment than would be possible under present circumstances for one exposed to the local pressure and excitement, which is very great indeed.

It is by no means certain that it is in the power of the liberal party to bring in one member, but they are absolutely talking of two ! Do not think of standing if this should be the case ! It is unfortunate for you that the question of Repeal should have taken the very prominent place which it does at this time. Otherwise, I consider there would be no doubt of your success ; but it seems to me you must be content to fare with many others of respectability and position, who have declined a certainty of election when attended with the pledge to support Repeal. “Bide your time” should be your motto. You are gathering the best capital—that of character and active usefulness, independent of party ; and I have no doubt that, if you desire entrance into parliament, you will be able to come in, when the present unhappy state of the county shall have passed away, demoralized as it is, and only, I am sorry to say, organized for mischief and disunion. I am

well aware that this advice cannot be very palatable for any active and young aspirant to political exertion and usefulness ; but it is the best I can give, and I am sure you will take it in the right spirit. As you may suppose, I am not a little anxious on the matter.

117.—*From the same to the same.*

Dec. 11, 1832.

I HEAR that the liberals have sent you a requisition to stand, but wish to fetter you in some way or other on the subject of Repeal. I am very desirous to hear of your decision. It is my belief that a large number, even of the party in question, will not be satisfied, for this time, with any other candidate but —— . It is, however, quite out of the question that he would sit for two sessions in parliament. You might come in next time, if you wished, with a good grace ; but even if —— were to yield to you now, I am confident that the disappointment and jealousy of a *large* party would be such as to make them very lukewarm towards you on a future occasion. There is a great desire at the present moment to *prove* the power of O'Connell against the aristocracy, and, accordingly, no one connected with that body is in favour, who, notwith-

standing other merits, would appear likely to act independently of him as a leader. This, it is well known, would be *your* case.

118.—*From the same to the same.*

Dec: 12, 1832.

I AM very happy that you have got out of the election question and embarrassment so honourably to yourself. A large number of the voters will not be satisfied without a thorough pledged Repealer. I fear that we shall have a violent contest and much disturbance. My mind is much easier since I have heard of your letter to the club, and of their decision*. *Bide your time*, I repeat again.

119.—*From the same to the same.*

London, Jan. 11, 1833.

I SEE that they have spoken about me civilly enough in the Leinster Express. Some observations have not been made in the same spirit; but I would just ask, Whose hands can be clean, if, at times of such extraordinary excitement as the present, one is to be held responsible for all the opinions and practices

* The Editor had finally declined to become a candidate on the terms considered requisite.

of those who, on the majority of political questions, take the same view as ourselves? Again, it is easy enough for those who abstain altogether from any thing like public or political affairs to condemn those who pursue a different course.

While, however, I write thus, I must add, that it appears to me very unlikely that I shall ever again take an active part in Irish politics. I do not see any probability, for some time to come, of a sufficient calm to enable one to launch one's boat without too great anxiety of mind, and a responsibility beyond that which I am at all called upon to meet. It is, of course, quite another thing with those whose boat is already launched, but from whose age, position, and experimental acquaintance with politics, my case is quite different. It will be said that this view of mine at once puts an end to all my further public aspirations. Be it so! The work must be left to people who have those claims on them, which I have not, either from property or position. It is highly improbable that I shall ever again be involved in such matters. Three grounds of satisfaction, however, remain; first, that I did not put myself forward; secondly, that I withdrew before I was involved too deeply to retract; and lastly, that no one can say that

I ever indulged in any unkind remark against any person whatsoever, or allowed any others so to do, so far as I could help it.

That God may preserve you safe in these perilous times is my earnest prayer.

120.—*From the same to the same.*

London, Jan. 18, 1833.

MANY thanks for your long and kind letter, and for your information relative to the late dreadful murder, which seems, from its total causelessness and the long-protracted animosity of the guilty parties, to have been one of the most iniquitous transactions by which society has ever been defaced. The account of it has been put in the 'Times,' and many have spoken to me on the subject, asking the probable cause or origin of the transaction. I really could give no other, except that your steward was a Scotchman, and lately brought to the country. Has any other transpired? In the late case of cholera, or supposed cholera, he behaved remarkably kindly one evening to a poor sufferer, going up after it was dark in a most stormy night to put straw on her hut, or to remove her, if needful, and this by his own offer, as we considered it unfair to ask any body to go up in the prevalent

dread of infection. This shewed that he was not of an unkind or unfeeling disposition towards the poor of the neighbourhood.

Henry Moore gave me some papers for R——, relative to the observance of the Sabbath. If I could have got a frank here, I should have sent them to him, but have as yet no opportunity. Henry Moore's parish* seemed to me a perfect model, or nearer to perfection than any I have seen, relative to ministerial care and instruction of the poor, and general openness and kindness and familiarity of the pastor and his family with all classes under his care. R—— should, I think, go and examine it as a good specimen of parochial organization, previous to undertaking any cure.

Uncle Charles was so good as to ask me to dinner the day before I left Dublin, to meet Mr. Stanley† and some of the Phoenix Park staff. Mr. S. was very agreeable in society, and in high spirits—seemed to throw all official cares for the time *in mare Hibernicum portare ventis*—just gave us enough, and not too much, of public affairs—told some very entertaining anecdotes, and had nothing in him of the political *don*. I was much pleased to meet him. They say over here that he

* Carnew, Co. Wexford.

† Now Earl of Derby.

and his colleagues are in a very tottering condition — specially on the question of the Irish church establishment. Should he quit the Irish secretaryship, Sir John Hobhouse is talked of as his successor.

Sir John, however, must look out, or he will lose his Westminster seat. He and Sir Francis Burdett are now considered by a large body of their former adherents as not enough advanced for them—as absolutely backward in progress and reform. Surely a most strange sign of the times !

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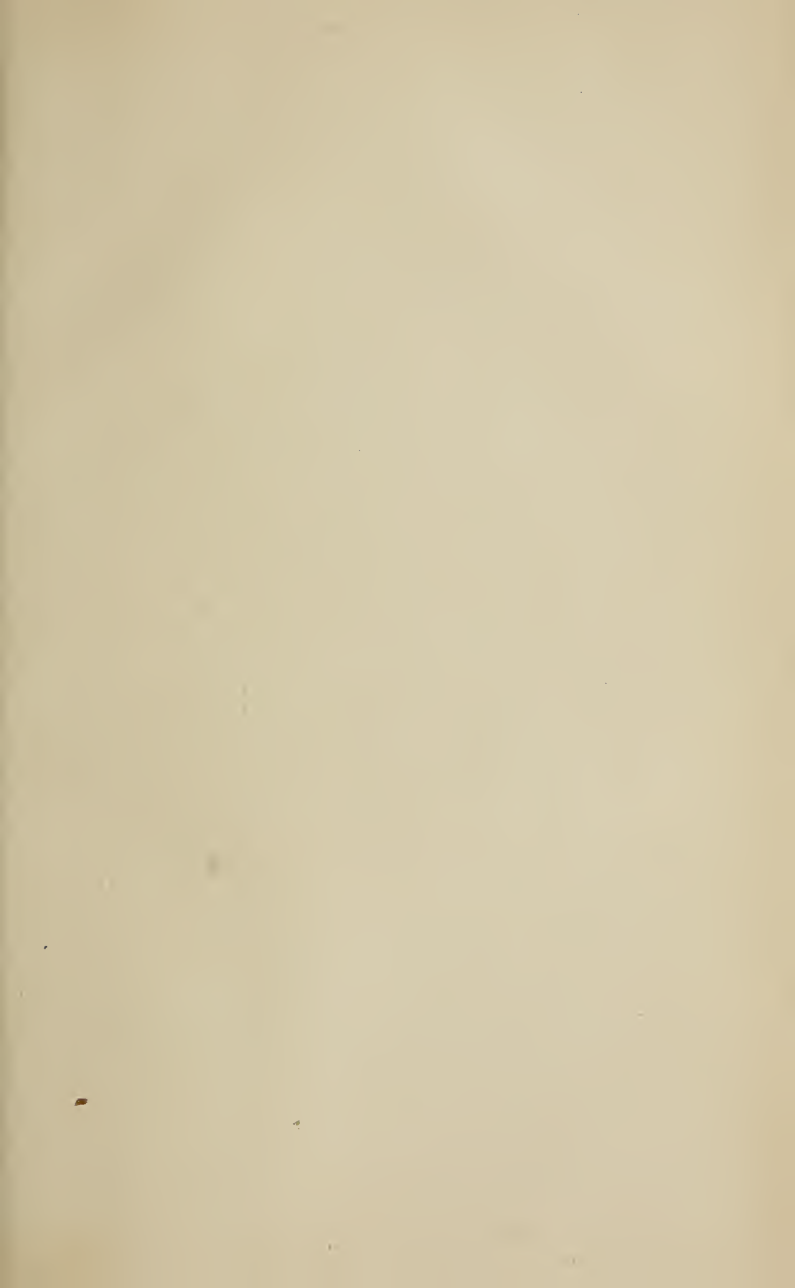
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